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[FALSE COLOURS.]

## MORLEY GRANGE;

OR,

## DICK MARSTON'S ATONEMENT.

### CHAPTER VII.

LADY FITZDONALD was at home, and Roland Langton found her alone, her cheeks scarlet, her eyes blazing. He saw that some powerful excitement was tingling in every nerve, and doubted for a few moments the wisdom of venturing at all upon the subject so near his heart. And yet she was gracious and condescending.

"Where is Maurice?" was Mr. Langton's first question, after a few commonplace remarks of meeting, looking around the room.

"Poor little fellow," said Lady Fitzdonald, in a tone of compunction, "I believe I was cross and sent him away."

"Cross! Lady Fitzdonald, cross! that is a libel I should resent from any other lips."

"Nevertheless, it can be true. I have been vexed, annoyed. And I am afraid I have made innocent people suffer: Cecille, for instance, and my darling Maurice."

"Annoyed, Lady Fitzdonald, who has dared?" began Mr. Langton, indignantly. "If you will show me the offender—"

She laughed a little nervously.

"Pray don't waste your chivalrous indignation; I am not sure but I am the one to blame. I am not always able to bear the cares of my lonely position, and I am fretted."

"And there are so many would think the wind itself too rough if it blew any way but caressingly across your forehead," said Mr. Langton, striking a graceful attitude.

Lady Fitzdonald glanced over to him, bit her lips, and looked down, playing with the jet tassel of her fan.

Roland Langton read the expression of her face, and his heart bounded. Now was his hour of triumph. He was beside her in a moment, his handsome face full of the most deferential respect, yet the tenderest regard.

"Lady Fitzdonald, you cannot misunderstand me. You know how I loved you once; for before your marriage with Sir Reginald I confessed it. Let me tell you now how the same love, smothered, repressed, crushed though it might be, would not die out; how of late it has gained strength, and flamed up into an enduring or a consuming fire. Tell me, oh tell me now, I beseech, what shall be my fate. Will you crown me with all the joy and beauty and glory of my wildest dreams, or will you send me away from you to-night sorrowful, despairing, broken-hearted?

The lady listened, her hand half lifted as in a gesture warding away some evil that she dreaded, her eyes downcast, all the fiery bloom suddenly wiped away from off her cheeks by a sickly pallor, but the lips were weak and irresolute.

"It is such a temptation," she murmured. "And yet I am afraid of the sin."

Mr. Langton heard her, and his cheek also paled a trifle.

"A temptation and a sin, Lady Fitzdonald; pray do not torture me with suspense. I scarcely get your meaning."

"It is a temptation to marry you," exclaimed Lady Fitzdonald, vehemently. "I am so tired of restlessness and care."

He smiled joyfully and triumphantly.

"Oh, Lady Fitzdonald," said he, "if that is the temptation yield to it, I beseech you."

"But the sin," added she, fixing her eyes on his face wistfully. "I am sure I do not return such affection as you can give. Will you dare to take me after that confession?"

"Ah, give me but the sweet privilege of loving

you, of teaching you to care for me, for that very love's sake," pleaded the suitor.

She sat leaning forward, the beautiful face clouded with grave abstraction, the very attitude betraying still her irresolution and doubt.

"Lady Fitzdonald—dear Lady Fitzdonald, let me take your cares upon myself. Give me the privilege of fighting off from you these annoyances that trouble you. Ah, for dear little Maurice's sake hear me. The darling would plead for me, I am sure. He is almost as fond of me as I am of him."

"That is true," said Lady Fitzdonald, slowly. "Maurice is very fond of you; and yet—and yet—"

"Don't tell me there is another you prefer," said the suitor, in a low, sorrowful tone. "And yet it would not be strange. You have a right to look higher. It is Lord Merry, it may even be the Marquis of Mowbray. I bow submissive to your decree. I have no right to expect you to relinquish your just expectation."

The colour had been creeping over the pale cheek during the speech.

"No, no," cried she, as if stung by some bitter recollection. "There is no one else; there shall be no one else."

"Then be gracious and kind to me. Oh, Lady Fitzdonald, hear me swear my life's devotion shall be given to you in return," cried out Roland Langton, in passionate tones.

Lady Fitzdonald sat staring into his face, struggling with the impulses of a dual nature, one of which bade her drop her fair, gem-encircled hand into his, and the other, shivering and sobbingly whispered, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

What she would have said could not be told. There came a sudden knock at the door, short, imperious, angry. She knew it, and faced about, cheeks carnation, now eyes shining with a proud, wilful light.

"Come in," said she, to Roland Langton's surprise and indignation.

And the door swung open and Arthur Somers walked coolly into the room. For all her anger Lady Fitzdonald was proud of his grand, imperious air. How kingly he looked and spoke, he, the hired agent, the salaried overseer of her property.

"Lady Fitzdonald, I beg your pardon for this intrusion," said he, "but you have neglected to sign those cheques I left for you this morning; there is a man waiting who cannot well afford to lose the time. If you will be so good as to attend to them now. The signature will answer."

He set upon the table a bronze tray, containing ink and pen, and spread out the little slip of paper. Roland Langton looked at him angrily.

"And what is a man's time in comparison to intrusion upon Lady Fitzdonald?" said he.

"Lady Fitzdonald can afford to bear a moment's intrusion," she said, coldly; "but she cannot afford to wrong her own integrity," repeated he.

Lady Fitzdonald knew what the emphasis in the tone implied. She bent down suddenly, and then turned so that only her overseer could look into her face. For one brief moment their eyes met. The scales were vacillating, vibrating to and fro. The slightest word, a look even of tender, humble entreaty from the overseer would have lost Roland Langton his great prize. But he was proud and cold, and only repeated, with icy stateliness:

"Her ladyship knows what is right."

"At least, I know what is best," replied the lady, and her eyes blazed, "and befitting. Hand me the pen, Mr. Somers."

She wrote her name hastily, tossed the paper carelessly on the floor, and said, lightly:

"Take the cheques, and another time choose a more fitting hour for these tiresome business details, Mr. Somers." And then she added, in her sweet tones: "I do detect business, Mr. Langton. Sometimes I hope to be saved even this signing of cheques."

Arthur Somers heard, and though he stooped to raise the paper, he saw the flitting look and smiling glance of the suitor. His face was pale and his eyes stern, then he turns to the table and takes up the tray.

"An insolent fellow for one in his position," observed Mr. Langton, wondering how he should come back to the subject so abruptly broken in upon.

Lady Fitzdonald did not appear to hear. Her eyes were fixed upon the carpet; there was a hard and bitter look around the scarlet lips, new and puzzling to Mr. Langton.

"Did you speak?" said she, startled at length by the silence that followed.

"I merely observed this agent of yours was an insolent fellow."

"Rather wilful and haughty, I admit," returned she, lightly; "but an invaluable business man. He has doubled the income of Morley Grange since it has been under his control."

"Ah," returned the suitor, as if the income of Morley Grange was one of the most indifferent of subjects.

And then there was another embarrassing silence. Mr. Langton broke it abruptly.

"Lady Fitzdonald, I am still suffering torture waiting for my sentence."

She did not tremble now. Her lips were set into a hard, cold expression; her eyes were fierce, there was no faltering in her voice.

"Mr. Langton," she said, "if you think I am worth taking with such indifference and listlessness, why then I don't see that I can refuse you."

He uttered an exclamation of rapture, and took the passive hand laying in her lap, lifting it to his lips. He was shrewd enough to see after the first glance into her face that any fervour or gratitude would annoy her, and he contented himself by saying quietly, as he relinquished her hand:

"My actions, I trust, shall prove to you my gratitude and joy," and then he brought forth a ring, more remarkable for its quaintness than its value. "I'll give you the costliest diamond in the kingdom; it would not be half worthy its destination," he replied, playfully. "You will pardon me then if I give you this which was purchased of a Persian trader, who declared it held an amulet that would preserve its possessor from all evil. I have kept it by me with the sad fear it would never have a mistress. Dear Lady Fitzdonald, shall it be the herald of another ring to be given at the altar?"

She looked at it with a sudden dread dilating the great black eyes.

"Not yet, not yet," she exclaimed, shuddering. And then seeing the astonishment and alarm, added, hurriedly:

"It frightens me to think of it, because Sir Reginald's ring is still there, and it almost seems that he is here to forbid another its place."

It was Mr. Langton's turn to shiver. He looked around as if he expected a ghostly hand upon his shoulder, and sat holding the ring and looking disconcerted, for once in his life embarrassed.

"Let us compromise," said Lady Fitzdonald, the first to recover her composure. "You shall bring the ring another time, Mr. Langton, and then this one shall be removed. It will then seem pleasant to us both."

"As you like," returned he, and then he added, glad to make a diversion, "and now may I sing for Maurice, if he has not gone to bed?"

"Oh yes, he shall come," said she, brightening. "It is so pleasant for me to think that Maurice will love you so dearly, Mr. Langton."

"And delightful to me that I shall be able to call him my own darling sometimes."

The child came and was overwhelmed with caresses, and soon after he was sent back to the nursery Mr. Langton took leave.

Her ladyship stood a moment at the threshold of the open door while he made his adieu, and he had not descended the steps on the outside before the library door was flung open and a pale, wretched face confronted her.

"Lady Fitzdonald," demanded Arthur Somers, "have you given him your promise? Is Morley Grange to have a new master?"

She swept him a hasty courtesy.

"Since your highness insists upon an answer, I will even satisfy you. I have given my promise. I shall marry Mr. Langton."

He stood looking at her in a fierce anger, and a whiteness was creeping even to his lips, and they moved stiffly two or three times before they articulated:

"May the Lord have mercy upon you, Lady Fitzdonald." And turning he went back into the library, and the door closed behind him.

Lady Fitzdonald crept into the parlour and dropped into the first chair.

"How dare he," exclaimed she, passionately. He one of my servants to insult me with such looks and such a speech."

And then followed a flood of angry tears. But before long she dashed them away, and her head began to drop, and she looked around shivering.

"He is right. How dare I? Is it not enough to have endured the anguish of one unhappy marriage that I am rushing wilfully into another? Oh, my pride, my hard, vile, pitiless pride!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

MR. ROLAND LANGTON returned home, if not jubilant, at least, very well satisfied.

He drew a long breath of relief as he glanced at the pile of unpaid bills. "Presently, presently, good friends," he laughed. "We shall soon see how many of you will ask pardon for these insolent exactions. In a little while I shall snap my fingers at you all."

And he put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and taking a box of choice cigars, sat down to indulge in golden visions, which at last had something more substantial than imagination for their foundations.

"But she does not love me," he muttered finally, in a somewhat discontented tone. "I must look into the matter. Her behaviour puzzles me. I should almost think there was someone else out of reach, and seems impossible."

In this busy occupation of mind he took up the letters, and handled them carelessly.

One of them struck him as new, and, turning it over, he found the seal unbroken. The address was written in a bold, though unpractised hand,

"Another dun," he muttered. "They do not frighten me now."

But in direct contradiction to this statement, he uttered an exclamation of consternation and horror the moment he mastered its contents. The paper dropped from his nerveless hands; the cigar fell from his lips; and, springing bolt upright, he exclaimed, fiercely:

"Perdition! This spectre to start upright before me just in the very hour of my triumph!"

And then, picking up the letter, he examined it cautiously, lingering a long while over the post-mark date; there was none, nor signature.

"Well!" muttered the accepted suitor of Lady Fitzdonald. "Here is a fellow to be silenced by some means or other. How in the name of goodness did he escape from Australia? For I know who he is. He need not think to hide that from me," and then he paced up and down the room muttering:

"He is spying round these parts, the bold villain, to dare to threaten me. He forsooth to demand me to make retribution. To threaten me. He, about whose neck the cord is stretched. By this very return

I must find him. I will find him, and silence him before. Good heavens! there must be no delay. When he comes out with the story, or goes to Lady Fitzdonald. Know, villain, I could throttle him with my own hands to silence his meddlesome tongue. I must go up to London. I must sound the officials at the Government office, and learn if there is any report concerning him from the colony. And then I must hunt him down."

And the more he reflected, the deeper grew his disquietude, until the evening he had believed was to begin in a cloud of delicious rose-coloured visions, ended in a passion of angry vindictives, fury, and the torments of fear and dread.

He took the first train in the morning for London, sending a brief excuse to Lady Fitzdonald, and did not make his appearance again for a week, when he returned, looking so haggard and careworn that even Lady Fitzdonald noticed it, sadly abstracted as she was, when he made his call upon her.

She herself was scarcely as fresh and blooming as was her wont.

There were dark circles under her eyes, and a nervous irritability in her manner. She kept her left hand hidden in the lace folds of her sleeves, hoping that he would not notice the ring of Sir Reginald's was not yet removed.

Whether he did notice it, she could not tell, and just before taking leave, said carelessly:

"And this time, dear Lady Fitzdonald, you must let me put my ring upon your finger. I shall not feel that I have any claim upon you until I see it there."

He drew her hand forth reluctantly, and though it cost him a strong effort to keep him from manifesting the very dread which fell upon him, Mr. Langton gently removed the ring.

He put his hand into his pocket for the circlet which was to replace it, and drew it forth with a look of blank dismay.

The ring had vanished, and all his efforts could not find it. Gazing his lips impatiently, he tried to pass it off playfully.

"The ring is certainly lost. It is a proof that it is unworthy to serve one so poor in charms. I will bring another, Lady Fitzdonald. Do not replace that one. Leave the finger free for a few days."

She drew a long, long breath, as if in unutterable relief.

"Free from both," said she, under her breath.

"Only for a little time," he returned, half reproachfully. "Remember that, dear Lady Fitzdonald."

"But I am not bound when the finger is free," she said.

"But you have promised that you will be. But I do not mean to hurry you. I am willing to wait," he returned, remembering the threat the mysterious letter had held forth. And then in a little while he asked:

"You have heard nothing now. You have nothing to tell me?"

For he fancied there was a little anxiety in her look, a faint embarrassment in her manner, and a sudden fear smote him.

"Now! certainly not. What should I hear now," returned she. "You know how I shut myself up here from all the world. I have not seen a person out of the household except yourself, to-day. Oh, yes, that stranger, when we went to the churchyard for Maurice to carry his wreath. He certainly behaved oddly, and I could make nothing out of his speech. He was there again, at that grave. I looked this time to see who it was who evidently received such heartfelt mourning. It was a girl exactly my own age, and she had a pretty name. I could not help thinking how romantic it was, this Lillian Marston, sleeping there beneath that lowly grave, and the dark-looking man keeping his vigil beside it."

"Lillian Marston," ejaculated Mr. Langton, startled from his usual caution, but in another moment turning his face so she could not see its dismay, he added in careless tone:

"I remember the girl; she was a pretty creature, and I am quite interested. What did he say to you, this romantic watcher? How did he look?"

"Forlornly enough the first time. I never saw a more wretched-looking object; but he had obtained better clothing somewhere, and to-day was quite respectable.

"And his face?"

"Dark, and rather fierce. I think he must have endured a great deal of exposure, and have suffered intensely. I gave him a sovereign the first time, and he accepted it. To-day he declined, and insisted that I should take back the one he had before received, or its substitute. He acknowledged that he had used it, and found it acceptable. And yet he refused to be indebted to me, and it seemed that his antipathy was to me especially. And he glowered at my little

Maurice so fiercely that I was frightened, and called the footman to the carriage."

"Some half-crazed vagabond," exclaimed Mr. Langton. "Oh, Lady Fitzgerald, if he had harmed you. Promise me, if you ever see him again, you will avoid him. Never, never stop to speak to him again. These demonized minds are never to be trusted. Oh, Lady Fitzgerald, it frightens me only to think what might have happened!"

Lady Fitzgerald opened her eyes widely at the vehemence of his tone.

"Tilson was with me," said she, vacantly.

"But you will promise me," persisted he.

She laughed lightly as she replied, with one of her old white smiles, holding up her hand palely:

"I shall promise nothing now. Remember I have no bonds yet."

Mr. Langton went straight from her ladyship's presence, to bout up Tilson, and from him learned all the particulars of the man's dress and looks.

"Promise me that you will look carefully after your mistress, Tilson," said he, in parting from the pompous individual as he almost thrust a golden coin into his hand. "Almost the very last it was, yet in the earnestness of his solicitude he did not grudge it. "I have been much alarmed by her account. The man is evidently a lunatic. If you see him again, try to follow him, and let me know his retreat as soon as possible."

Tilson, with many bows and flourishes, assured the gentleman that he would ferret out the poor fellow and give Mr. Langton opportunity to look after him.

"And keep silence, because it might affect her ladyship unpleasantly," cautioned the gentleman, earnestly.

But Mr. Langton did not content himself with this. He strode through the churchyard the next morning, and stopped a long while to chat to the drowsing old sexton, and presently came to the subject.

"Lady Fitzgerald was telling me of a strange-looking man she saw here sitting on a grave over in the corner. Have you noticed him?"

"To be sure I have. I can't very well help it, for he comes often enough. A queer dark-browed fellow who doesn't care for friendly talking. I've found that out, and leave him alone now."

"When does he come? I should like to see him," said Mr. Langton. And under his folded arms his hands were clenched together like a vice.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you found him here to-morrow just before sundown. It's mostly every other night."

"Have you any idea who he is?"

"Well, not exactly, but Mrs. Higgins was a-tellin' me t'other day as how Dick Marston had come back, and taken his sister's child away, and I kinder mistrusted it was he, on account, you know, of its being her grave. He wanted to see him herself. Whoever he is he don't live very near, for I notice he's always tired, as if he had walked a good ways, and besides he's known to none of the houses near. A queer fellow, sir."

Roland Langton seized but one idea in this speech.

"A child," said he. "Do you mean that Lillian Marston left a child? I thought it died in infancy?"

"Lord bless you! that poor little thing at Mrs. Higgins's belonged to the poor creature. So you know her? But she didn't belong in these parts, and I thought only two or three of us knew there was such a poor, lost soul. Well, well."

"I—I have heard of her," stammered Roland Langton. "I was the agent of a charitable institution, and in my researches, you know, I came across this woman. We tried to reclaim and help her."

The sexton remembered the gentleman's wild youth and secretly commented upon the wisdom of the institution's selection of its missionary members.

"And so it is her brother, this fellow, and he has taken away the child?"

"That's Mrs. Higgins's story; I'm interested myself, and I've half a mind to follow him next time, and see where he puts up, though it would be rather difficult, where he always stays till dark."

"And you think he will come to-morrow night?"

"I have an idea he will."

"Well, it is quite a romantic mystery. I told Lady Fitzgerald I'd find out his story, and I like to redeem my promises. Good-day."

And Mr. Langton sauntered away, glancing as he passed through the iron gateway towards the paupers' corner, and shuddering.

"A child, a child," muttered he, as soon as he was safely out of the sexton's hearing. "By heaven, there is no time to be lost! I must track this man at once. My Lady Fitzgerald, it is a fortunate thing

for you that you have a prompt man to work for you. A prompt man and a desperate one," he muttered.

The interval between that time and the next afternoon at sunset seemed interminable, and he fretted himself into a perfect fever of impatience before he took the quiet path which led around the church into the graveyard.

He had taken care to secure the sexton's whereabouts from the spot by means of a sudden summons to another part of the town, and he wore a thin, dark cloak and a cap, entirely different from his usual costume, so that at a short distance he was positive no one would recognize him. He had, however, matured his plan of action.

He went into the churchyard and sat down in the shade of a tall monument just where he could command a view of that humble grave in the paupers' corner. How his heart leaped when he saw the slow-moving figure and the dark, abstracted face coming along on the opposite path.

Dick Marston, indeed! Roland Langton set his teeth savagely. He should have known the man anywhere, through all disguises. He was confident of that. He sat still, following the other's movements with eyes gleaming like a wild animal's.

The stout, sturdy figure passed swiftly onward, and stood a moment stooping over the headstone of the grave. The watcher perceived presently what he was doing. He was scattering something over the grave; no flowers, certainly; it was either dust or ashes.

Mr. Langton felt his lips grow white and cold. He guessed now the nature of these frequent visits. He was fulfilling some strange vow. Well enough Roland Langton knew what event would release the man from his uncautious task. And again he clenched his teeth.

He waited until the task was accomplished and the mourner sat down, his head drooping, his arms dropping listlessly to his side, then Roland Langton, with the swift, stealthy step of a panther, crossed the space between them, and darted upon him.

"Ha, villain! Runaway! What are you doing here?" cried he, sternly.

Dick Marston, as he called himself, leaped up, gasping for breath, and trembling in every limb. But when he saw who it was all fear and panic dropped away from him. He turned fiercely, a feverish joy as well as wild rage blazing in his eyes.

"So we have met at last? It is you!" he cried.

"Yes, it is I. You think, perhaps, your trumped-up tale was passed by me. But you reckon without your host. Dick Marston, indeed; I can step in at the Colonial Office and find it's very different cognomen. I should like to know why a certain sentence is unserved, and how you dare to set your foot on English soil. You who were banished for life," continued Mr. Langton, still more menacingly.

His companion's lip curled with an evil sneer, and his eyes blazed with indignation.

"And I should like to know how you—you, he added, with a deadly emphasis upon the pronoun, dared to set your foot here. I wonder the very dust does not rise up against you, the very moulderling coffin give up its skeleton to shake a ghostly hand of warning in your wicked face."

Instinctively, Roland Langton moved a step further from the grave, and he kept his face haughtily.

"Man," he said, "you are bold to use such language. I tell you that I recognise you. Don't you know that it puts a rope round your neck to be found here. I have but to speak a single sentence, have but to raise my voice in a single call, and your doom is sealed."

"Speak, call," retorted the other, bitterly. "I tell you, Roland Langton, the time is passed when such threats can have power to move me a single hair. My life has not been so happy and prosperous that I shall cling to it like a craven. It would be a peaceful thing when I come to lie down to put it off and sleep like the poor, wronged woman under these sods. But I have my work to do first."

"You talk like a saint. You, the convicted felon. Do you think I am weak enough to credit such an imposition?"

"Leave the past alone," replied the man, who called himself Dick Marston. "Heaven knows I shall not be the one to aver it was pure or honest. But heaven also knows my repentance, and has forgiven, accepts the atonement. Leave it alone, I say. It is not for you to meddle with its blackness, you double-dyed villain, who led me on step by step into its wicked work."

"Be careful!" exclaimed Roland Langton, glancing all around him. "Unless you would ruin yourself, be careful. A single word from me delivers you again into the clutches of the law. If you are reasonable I may let you pass unmolested."

"And I have told you twice already, your threats are powerless. I do not flinch from the law, nor from you. I can tell a story that may bring someone else into trouble. Oh, villain! villain! How have you the face to stand here by this grave in the sight of another, and look upon me without quailing. All the past rises up before me, all the foul wrong, the bitter want, the soul stabbing agony, that pure woman bore till death released her. Oh, she is well avenged upon the poor tool of your crafty wickedness. For every pang she felt, I have received a dozen. Unavailing remorse, agonised repentance have followed me through the days and years, and haunted me every hour of my life, since last I looked upon her white face, and in mad jealousy my wicked revenge taunted her with the fate which came upon her."

"She knows it, she knows it, now I have told it her at her grave in the sight of Heaven. She has heard my vows of restitution. And if this has worn upon me, has poisoned all my life, wasted all my strength, embittered every joy, how can it be with you who have the threefold sin lying at your very door. A fellow creature enticed into sin and error, a friend betrayed, an innocent woman crushed to her death? Man, man, is your heart a stone, your conscience dead? I find you gay, happy, prosperous, and about to become the master of Morley Grange. I look at you in wonder that this grave does not fall to swallow you up, that the heavens do not fall to crush you."

There was solemn earnestness in the tone, which despite his desperate effort to preserve composure, affected the gentleman.

He cast another deprecating glance towards the grave, and turned his back upon it. Then he laughed contemptuously.

"I do not understand your game, man. I never suspected preaching and burglary and manslaughter were all in one line. I want to know what you meant by sending me that letter, for I know it came from you."

"It did come from me," returned the other, calmly. "I think my meaning was plain enough, if not, I can give you a very distinct explanation here. I mean to right us far as possible the wrong you showed me how to execute."

"Supposing there was a wrong, which, mind you, I do not grant, how is it possible to mend it now. The dead are safe from wrong, and the sods of these graves have been undisturbed for years."

Dick Marston, as he called himself, looked over into the speaker's face, with a keen, scrutinising glance, as he answered:

"It is something to have one's good name cleared from suspicion, even after death."

"Is it worth while, when it will plunge innocent people, still alive, into disgrace and misery? The preachers say that, hereafter, all who are innocent receive justification. Is not that enough for her?"

"You—you talking of the hereafter!" exclaimed Dick, in fiery indignation. "I look at you in amazement. I have been familiar there in that horrible Australian life with the most hardened wretches the world allows off the gallows. Men reared in crime, bred in iniquity, schooled to guilty deeds, but none, not one, I swear, would stand up here before this grave unblushingly with such hard insensibility, such reckless defiance, as you exhibit now. I say again, I marvel that the grave does not open and the sky fall."

Roland Langton was silent a moment grinding the heel of his boot into the sod. His plan had failed him, the man had truly changed, threats were powerless, and the fine gentleman saw it. Much as it chagrined him, he knew there must be a change of tactics.

"Howard," said he, whirling around, and speaking in a conciliatory tone, "Ralph Howard, what is the use of our quarreling? I am not a man, that you know, to wear my heart on my sleeve. I don't mind confessing this thing has laid heavy on my mind. But what is the use of stirring it up when there is so little good, and so much harm to come of it. Let it rest. Go your way in peace; I will not molest you. If you need help I will give it you. But for the love of heaven leave the woman who has not yet gained the safety of the grave to such happiness as she can find. Her wrong was not the least. Let me make it up to her."

"And what becomes of Lillian Marston's child?" asked the other, coldly.

"Child!" repeated Mr. Langton, in a tone of the most profound astonishment. "Why, Howard, the child died a few days after its birth."

"You are mistaken; she is still alive. I found her with Mrs. Higgins. I have removed her to a place of safety."

"That crafty old woman has imposed upon you.

There is no living child," repeated Mr. Langton, in a most positive tone.

"Man," answered the other, sternly, "nature itself has left the proofs for me if I wanted it. The child is the living image of her mother, except that she has blue eyes and golden curls, which helps her to establish her rightful claim to her father's name."

Mr. Langton broke a twig from the tree near, and snapped it into a dozen pieces.

"She can never establish such a claim," cried he, vehemently.

"She can, and she shall, though it costs me my life as well as liberty," returned Dick Marston, or Ralph Howard, whichever his name might be.

The two stood facing each other, both faces pale, with flashing eyes and grimly-set lips. Each saw that it was deadly earnest with the other.

(To be Continued.)

#### THE HUMAN FACE.

Too often the human face is but a mask which conceals the real character. The men and women most famous for heartless cruelty have been celebrated for their handsome faces; writers of fiction have never been unmindful of the fact, and Faust is represented as being a handsome man; while the German fisherman sing of the sirens who drag men's souls down to perdition with their fatal dower of beauty.

Some faces are unreadable, and tell nothing of the owner's characters. The merriest men now and then have most solemn faces, and the most serious frequently have cheerful ones. Frequently the most heartless coquette has all the shy graces of a girl of sixteen, while the heart of some woman who looks you through with cold, steady eyes, may be filled with love and tenderness that you are too blind to discover.

So we all go on, wearing disguises of different device, never quite concealing, never quite revealing the life within. No soul stands out without any disguise. There is always a veil, however transparent, between it and the rest of the world. And thus it will always be.

#### THE CHARMERS OF HINDOSTAN.

MANY of these Hindoo jugglers who live in the silence of the pagodas perform feats far surpassing the prestidigitation of Robert Houdin, and there are so many others who produce the most curious phenomena in magnetism and catalepsy upon the first objects that come across their way, that I have often wondered whether the Brahmins with their occult sciences have not made great discoveries in the questions which have recently been agitated in Europe.

On one occasion while I and others were in a cafe with Sir Maswell, he ordered his dobooy to introduce the charmer. In a few moments a lean Hindoo almost naked, with an ascetic face and bronze colour, entered. Around his neck arms and body were coiled serpents of different sizes. After saluting us, he said:

"Heaven be with you; I am Chibh Chondor, son of Chibh-Gontnall Maya."

"We desire to see what you can do," said our host.

"I obey the orders of Siva, who has sent me here," replied the fakir, squatting down upon one of the marble slabs.

The serpents raised their heads and hissed, but without showing any anger. Then taking a small pipe attached to a wick in his hair, he produced scarcely audible sounds, imitating the tail-apaca, a bird that feeds upon bruised cocoanuts.

Here the serpents uncoiled themselves, and one after another glided to the floor. As soon as they touched the ground they raised about one-third of their bodies, and began to keep time to their master's music. Suddenly the fakir dropped his instrument and made several passes with his hands over the serpents; his eye assumed a strange expression; we all felt an undefinable uneasiness, and sought to turn away our gaze from him.

At this moment a small shooora, whose business it was to hand fire in a small brazier for lighting cigars, yielded to his influence, lay down, and fell asleep. Five minutes passed thus, and we felt that if the manipulations were to continue a few seconds longer we should all fall asleep.

Chondor then rose, and making two more passes over the shooora, said to it:

"Give the commander some fire."

The young serpent arose, and came and offered

fire to its master. It was pinched and pulled about, till there was no doubt of its being actually asleep. Nor would it move from Sir Maswell's side till ordered to do so by the fakir.

We then examined the other cobras. Paralysed by magnetic influence, they lay at full length on the ground.

On taking them up we found them stiff as sticks; they were in a state of complete catalepsy. The fakir then awakened them, and they returned and coiled themselves around his body.

On our asking if he could make us feel his influence, he made a few passes over our legs, and instantly we lost all use of these limbs; we could not leave our seats. He then released us as easily as he had paralysed us.

Chibh Chondor closed his seance by experimenting upon inanimate objects. By mere passes with his hands in the direction of the object to be acted upon, and without leaving his seat, he paled and extinguished lights in the farthest parts of the room, moved the furniture, including the divans on which we sat, opened and closed doors.

Catching sight of a Hindoo who was drawing water from a well in the garden, he made a pass in his direction, and the rope stopped in its descent, resisting all the efforts of the astonished gardener. With another pass the rope again descended.

"Do you employ the means in acting upon inanimate objects that you do upon living creatures?" I asked him.

"I have only one means," he replied.

"What is it?"

"The will. Man, who is the result of all intellectual and material forces, must dominate over all. The Brahmins know nothing beside this."

#### THE PARTING HOUR.

There's something in the "parting hour,"  
Will chill the warmest heart—

Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,  
Are fated all to part:

But thin I've seen—and many a pang

Has pressed it on my mind—

The one who goes is happier

Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be,  
Adventurous, dangerous, far,  
To the wild deep or bleak frontier,

To solitude or war—

Still something cheers the heart that

dares

In all of human kind,

And they who go are happier

Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home

With doubts, and with tears,

But does not hope her rainbow spread

Across her cloudy fears?

Alas! the mother, who remains,

What comfort can she find,

But thin the gone is happier

Than one she leaves behind.

Have you a friend—a comrade dear—

An old and valued friend?

Be sure your time of sweet concourse

At length will have an end!

And when you part—as part you will—

Oh, take it not unkind,

If he who goes is happier

Than you he leaves behind.

God wills it so—and so it is;

The pilgrim on the way,

Though weak and worn, more cheerful are

Than all the rest who stay,

And when at last, poor man subdued,

Lies down to death resigned,

May he not still be happier far

Than those he leaves behind? M. D.

ALWAYS A CHANCE.—If you wish to be sad and sour, to grumble and complain, there is always a chance. Reasons for being cast down and dejected are as plenty as blackberries in the height of the blackberry harvest. If one thing goes right, you may be sure there is always something else going wrong; and if one thing is in order, something else is out of joint, or at any rate soon will be. The chief difference in the feelings and dispositions of people results from the different way of looking at things. Few nights are so dark that no stars are to be seen; the thing is to look them out, and keep your eyes on them, and make the most of what light you can discover.

#### EXTRAVAGANCE.

A CHARMING and intelligent Frenchwoman, who prides herself on being an accomplished housekeeper, declares that every family of moderate means throws away enough to support a family of equal size. She can prepare a good dinner from food which a housekeeper would throw away.

She says it is distressing to see, as she often does, a man at market buying a steak from the round because his straitened circumstances forbid the purchase of choice cuts. She does not pity him because it is from the round, but for the wretched unpalatable manner in which it will be served to him at dinner, hardened and dried by broiling, instead of being stewed with vegetables and delicately flavoured after the French method.

When poverty tries the soul and empties the pocketbook, high-priced table luxuries have to be abandoned, and as a consequence cheaper meats and inferior cuts are bought, and a miserable, inadequate poorly supplied table is the result. And still the expenditure is far beyond that of a French family, who will fare sumptuously on half the money.

#### CAUGHT.

An ardent lover sent his betrothed a present of diamonds worth about a hundred pounds. Wishing to enjoy the gratification of his bride, he followed closely on the heels of his present, and finding no one in the parlour, encircled himself in a window behind the curtains. Presently a whole bevy of girls fluttered into the room, and all began talking at once of Louise's luck.

Said one, "She ought to be happy, to be sure. But do you know what she told me just now? Why, that she had rather have the present without the gentleman who gave it." "It can't be; she never said so!" "She certainly did; and there she is—ask her for yourself. Louise, didn't you tell me you would rather have the jewels alone, without M. Melier?" "Yes, I did say so; but that's between ourselves."

"Much obliged to you, mademoiselle," said M. Melier, coming forward, "you shall not have either." So saying, he coolly put the splendid present under his arm and walked off, leaving the ladies in an embarrassment "easier conceived than expressed." Served her right!

#### REGULARITY.

REGULAR, systematic labour is the whole philosophy of large accomplishment. Sir Walter Scott seldom worked more than two or three hours a day. He completed volume after volume at this easy rate of speed, and had abundant time for other interests, because the sun was not more punctual in the skies than he at his appointed task. Dr. Bowditch, a very busy man, translated the great *Mecanique Celeste*, giving it less than two hours of work a day. But then the planets he explained did not move in their prescribed orbit more evenly than he in his. Dickens' writing was not governed by inspiration, but by system. He said that he owed whatever success or reputation he had made to the habit of sitting down regularly to his work, and sticking to it a certain time, however much he might be tempted away, either by external attractions or by the feeling that he was not in the mood for writing, and had nothing to say. Let all your undertakings be thus regulated by will, and you will be surprised at the amount accomplished by deliberate, systematic toil.

DISSIPATION is a swift and sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is, as the early flower, exposed to untimely frost. Those who have been inveigled in the path of vice are named legion, for they are many; enough to convince every novitiate that he has no security that he shall escape a similar fate. A few hours of sleep each night, high living, and plenty of "smashes," make war upon every function of the human body. The brains, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the spine, the bones, the flesh, every part and faculty, are overtasked, worn and weakened, by the terrific energy of passion loosened from restraint, until like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly tabernacle" falls into ruinous decay. Fast young man, right about!

LEON, the Mexican horseman, has failed to accomplish his promised ride of 600 miles in 50 hours. With only five minutes left, he had covered 505 miles, or 95 miles short of the entire distance.



[A STRANGE RESEMBLANCE.]

## WHY SHE FORSOOK HIM; OR, THE SECRET OF HER BIRTH.

By the Author of "Basil Livington's Romance,"

"That Young Person, etc."

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

How Gerald Yorke got through that evening he never knew. He had but one thought, how best to escape from the society of Madeline Darnley, for he knew well that for Juillet's sake and his own honour it was best that they two should be far apart.

He stooped then to dissemble.

To work his end he told his first untruth. When his servant brought his letters to him in the morning he hastily read one, and then ordered the astonished man to make all needful preparations for departure, as he must go to London by the nine o'clock express. He also sent a message to Sir Roland asking to see him if possible before he left.

The family at the Hall were not given to early rising, but when, at a quarter-past eight, Gerald entered the breakfast-room, he found his host already there.

"This is indeed unexpected," said Sir Roland. "Must you really go this morning, Gerald?"

"Indeed I must," answered the younger man, "but I hope to return soon, Sir Roland, if I may."

"You are always welcome, Gerald."

Captain Yorke hesitated.

"I should have liked to say good-bye to Juillet. I hope she will forgive such an abrupt departure. Please tell her how unavoidable it was."

"She will be here, I fancy," said Sir Roland, with a smile. "She may prefer your explanations to mine."

And he was right.

His daughter entered soon after his prophecy; her

perfect faith in his reasons for departure, her evident sorrow at their parting, touched Gerald not a little. "I have a message for you," said Lady Yorke to her mother-in-law, somewhat later. "Gerald has been unexpectedly summoned to London, and he desired his adieux."

No one noticed how Miss Darnley's cheek flushed at these few words.

The morning was spent by the elder ladies in the drawing-room, by Juillet and Madeline in a pleasant wandering inspection of the house, and in forming a friendship which would soon ripen into love.

"I have left the picture gallery till last," said Juillet, when nearly all the beauties of the Hall had been exhibited. "I don't understand pictures, though I am very fond of them."

"Is your portrait there?"

"No; it is to be painted some day."

And Juillet blushed, for her mother had already begun to plan for the heiress to sit in her bridal robes.

Juillet went on more gravely:

"There is one picture I want specially to show you, because it is so like yourself. You will laugh at me, perhaps, for I can't explain in what the likeness lies. The picture's hair is fair, yours is dark; you are tall, and your fancied resemblance was short. Still, there is a likeness."

They had gone the length of the gallery before Juillet found the picture.

It was—as Madeline had suspected—the likeness of Pearl—Pearl as she had been when her life was gay and free from care as that of the birds and flowers.

"It was taken before her wedding," whispered Juillet. "It is the picture of papa's first wife."

"She was very young," answered Madeline, dreamily.

"Very. She died just two years after this was taken. Papa never speaks of her, but I think he loved her very dearly, and I know well that mamma and I have never been to grandmamma what poor Mrs. Yorke was."

"She looks happy there."

"I think she was very happy always till her baby died. Grief for that killed her, they say. But I have never heard much about her. I only know that everyone loved her. There are people in the village

now who wipe away a tear when they speak of poor Miss Pearl.

"Your mother's portrait is not here?"

"No, mamma has always avoided doing anything that poor Mrs. Yorke had done. I think she loves papa so dearly that she cannot bear to think he ever cared for anyone else. Poor mamma! I have often thought it must have been very hard for her to come here."

"Why?"

"Because everything so recalled Pearl. She lived here from her childhood, and every room must have had associations with her memory for papa. Besides, the whole village adored Pearl, and my mother was a stranger—a usurper, some people called her. Come away," she said, more lightly; "but you have never told me what you think of the resemblance. Is it not really true?"

"What resemblance?" said Sir Roland, coming up to them, and not observing before which picture they stood.

Then, after a pause:

"Have you been talking treason, that you are speechless?"

His daughter spoke then, rather timidly, for she had never before mentioned her father's first wife to him.

"I was saying that Madeline—Miss Darnley, I mean—was strangely like this picture."

Sir Roland looked at his young guest, then at the painted semblance of his cousin.

Presently he answered, slowly:

"Yes, there is a wonderful likeness. I knew even last night that Miss Darnley reminded me of someone. I little guessed of whom. I can tell now why my mother's heart has so gone out to you," he added to Madeline.

She could not for a moment answer him. He saw there were tears standing in her large eyes.

"Do not cry, my dear," he said, kindly. "It is very natural that we should like you better for reminding us of my dear wife."

"I was thinking of her," exclaimed Madeline. "She looks so happy there, and yet she died not two years afterwards."

"Life is not all happiness," said the baronet, gravely. "Perhaps she knew this, and did not regret to lose it. Hark! that is the luncheon-bell. We

will go down, Juillet," he said, in an undertone to his daughter, "do not remark on this resemblance to your mamma, it might not please her."

But Lady Yorke discovered the resemblance for herself, she had hated Pearl, and she remembered her every feature, and she soon saw the likeness Miss Darnley bore to her dead rival, and knew by what spell she had crept into Lady Frances' heart and was fast becoming a favourite with Sir Roland. My lady knew Miss Darnley was an orphan, that she never alluded to her parents, and she took the alarm.

Days passed and the alarm deepened; in a hundred ways Madeline reminded her of the Yorke, her very name was that given to Sir Roland's eldest child; my lady felt her end was gained. She had found the true heiress to her husband's wealth, the child of her dead rival was in her power.

Madeline carefully avoided Lady Yorke, even without her mother's letter, she would have feared this proud, beautiful woman, but her hostess intended to talk to her, and Madeline fell into a trap prepared for her.

It wanted only three days to the end of Lady Frances' stay; she and Juillet had gone to visit some old friends. Lady Yorke pined headache, and begged of Madeline to bear her company; without positive rudeness, the girl could hardly have refused, and thus, almost for the first time, Gertrude and her shy young guest found themselves with the prospect of a long tête-à-tête.

They were in my lady's boudoir, and she leaned back on the sofa, pale and languid.

Madeline sat opposite, engaged on some delicate fancy work.

For awhile they talked on indifferent subjects, or seemed to do so, for in reality Gertrude Yorke had planned that conversation purposely.

"We are all charmed with your singing, Miss Darnley. Would you think me inquisitive if I asked of whom you learned?"

"I learnt of Mr. Dudley," answered Madeline, using a name well-known then to the musical public.

"I had no idea he gave lessons in the country."

"I was not in the country then. I was at school in Kensington."

"Ah!" said my lady, quickly, "I felt sure you were not country bred; your manners are too polished."

Madeline was ill at ease.

She could not tell why, but she did not like the turn the conversation had taken.

"Juillet will be disconsolate when you are gone," went on her hostess. "Could you not spare us another week?"

"Thank you, Lady Yorke, but I must return home. I have been away for some months, and my friends are expecting me."

"I cannot wonder at their impatience," said Lady Yorke, graciously. "I have often heard of Mr. Ashley; he is the beau ideal of a country rector according to a friend of mine. He was your guardian, was he not?"

"No, his wife is my dearest friend, but there is no other tie between us."

The French clock struck out the hour of four.

Lady Yorke started in dismay.

"Four o'clock; the post goes at half-past, and my letter is not sent. My dear, would you let me be very rude and finish it now?"

Madeline eagerly assented.

She was glad to be relieved from the necessity of talking.

Lady Yorke opened her desk, took out a sheet of note paper, folded and placed it in an envelope, and then began a rapid search through the desk for something which apparently was not there.

"How tiresome!" she exclaimed, "I cannot find it! What am I to do?"

"Is anything the matter, Lady Yorke?"

"Yes; I have a letter of the greatest importance to an agent whom Sir Roland employs sometimes, and I have lost the address. My husband will not be home till after post time. I am bewildered!"

"Could you not remember something of the address?" suggested Madeline. "The postmen are used to imperfect directions: they might find it, especially if the gentleman has lived a long time in his present house."

"That is an excellent idea," returned Lady Yorke. "Let me see, Mr. John Stone, Confidential Agent, Bone Court. But I don't remember in the least where Bone Court is."

"Holborn," answered Madeline, simply; and looking at her, Lady Yorke saw that her face was bowed down over her work, and her thin fingers trembled nervously.

"A thousand thanks!" said my lady, and she left the room, seemingly to carry the letter.

It struck Madeline afterwards as strange that she did not ring for a servant.

The poor girl had no suspicion that the whole affair of the letter was a ruse.

Madeline's apartments at the Hall were very tasteful and pretty; a bed and dressing-room open into each other at the far end of the west wing. In olden days Pearl Yorke had played in one, and learned her lessons in the other.

But Lady Yorke, who loved to make changes at Belleville, had altered this.

Juillet had rooms close to her father and mother and the others were newly decorated and uncoupled unless allotted to a guest. They stood far removed from the inhabited portion of the Hall, and had probably been assigned to Madeline because they were very distant from the apartment of Lady Frances, whose daughter-in-law had been jealous of her affection for Madeline before she had ever seen her.

The night after Lady Yorke wrote to John Stone Madeline Darnley had a fearful dream.

She seemed to awake from a troubled sleep to find the curtains of her bed drawn apart, and a figure bending over her—a tall, graceful figure—the figure of the mistress of Belleville.

Motionless for a long time stood the figure, but at last it raised its head, and Madeline shuddered in her sleep.

Every one of the beautiful features was distorted, the eyegard glared fiercely, a look of fearful hatred was on her mouth. Madeline seemed to feel a hand on her throat—to see the glaum of a bright steel stiletto she had been using for her work.

She gave one scream, the phantom relaxed its hold, dropped the stiletto, the curtains closed, and she awoke.

No words will tell the horror of that awakening. Madeline lay and shuddered, believing nothing less than that someone had tried to murder her. Then as she awoke more fully, and realised it was only a dream, she tried to reassure herself, in vain, tired of her efforts, she wrapped herself in her dressing-gown, lighted the candle, and sat down by the expiring fire till morning light.

Everyone remarked on her appearance at breakfast the next morning, but she would own to nothing more than a headache.

"Headaches seem the order of the day," said Sir Roland. "Lady Yorke is complaining of a bad one. She will not be down to breakfast, Juillet."

And, unaccountable though it may seem, Madeline felt relieved.

After breakfast she went up to her room to look at the stiletto which had figured so vividly in her dream. She wanted to convince herself that it was really there.

It lay on the table with her work, but the servants had already done their duties. There was no proof that they had not found the tiny weapon on the floor where the phantom dropped it.

Madeline Darnley was no coward, she could have braved any known danger, yet the day after her fearful dream, she was oppressed with an unconquerable dread.

She was ashamed of it. She tried hard to overcome it, all in vain; at every moment of the day, was present in her memory, the awful face that had bent over her in her sleep.

Perhaps, had she seen Lady Yorke, the sight of her graceful beauty might have dispelled the recollection of her ghostly resemblance; but my lady kept her own room with a nervous headache.

Juillet and Lady Frances spent much of their time with her, and Madeline was almost alone with her fears.

The short winter's day was over before she had any chance of speaking to Juillet alone, then Miss Yorke, coming from her mother's room, found Madeline sitting wearily on the drawing-room sofa, and took a place beside her.

"I have hardly seen you to-day," she said, regretfully, "it doesn't seem fair when I am to lose you so soon?"

"How is Lady Yorke?"

"Much better, she looks less ill than you do, how is your headache now?"

"It's much the same," said Madeline, wearily.

"You must go to bed early, and have a good night."

At the very sound of bed Madeline trembled, no words can tell how she dreaded to be left alone in the room where she had dreamed her ghostly vision.

"I am sure you are ill!" cried Juillet, tenderly. "Your head burns, and yet you are shivering with cold; Madeline, what is the matter?"

"I—I, you would think me so foolish, Juillet?"

"I think you are unkind not to tell me. You might treat me now, dear."

"I had such a horrid dream, Juillet, and I can't get it out of my head. I am so afraid of going to bed, that tired as I am, I believe I should like to sit up all night."

"What did you dream about?" asked Miss Yorke, with all a girl's love of the mysterious.

"That—that someone was trying to kill me. Don't laugh, please, Juillet, I can't bear to think of it."

"You must not sleep, there alone to-night," said Juillet, decidedly. "You would be fancying all sorts of horrors, and make yourself really ill. I only wish you had told me sooner, now it is so late that I can't order another room for you, without exciting all kinds of remarks."

"Don't trouble about it Juillet, I dare say the anticipation is worse than the reality. If I'm very tired, I may be able to go to sleep."

"I shan't leave you to such a poor chance as that, I'll contrive something for to-night that will break the spell, and to-morrow, perhaps you may be able to go back to your own room."

It was a very quiet evening in spite of all Juillet's efforts. The absence of the bright hostess made itself felt; Sir Roland was gloomy, and Lady Frances never smiled where her son's brow was clouded; Madeline, her nerves thoroughly unstrung, was unable to do more than mope in silence; it must have been a relief to them all when the moment for separation came. Madeline and Juillet left the drawing-room together.

"I must go first to your old room; shall you be afraid with me?"

"Oh, no, not a bit." Truly there was nothing in the room itself to cause fear, a prettier, more tasteful abode it would have been difficult to imagine.

"See," said Juillet quickly, "I will stay here to-night and you shall sleep in my room, to-morrow I will speak to the housekeeper about another room."

"I can't disturb you like that, Juillet, and all for a foolish fancy."

"You must, this unlucky dream has so frightened you that I believe you would be really ill if you stayed here all night. No one will know; I have sent the maid to bed, and to-morrow morning quite early we can change back again to our proper places."

"I don't like to, it's just as bad for you."

"No, it is not, Madeline, for me this room has no associations, and I am not in the least nervous."

"Are you going to refuse me?" she asked presently; "you will hurt me very much if you do. Come, be a good child, let me take you to my room and then come back to brave the dangers of this one."

And Madeline yielded, she let Juillet bear her away to the chamber she called her own; they sat fully half an hour chatting over the fire, then Miss Yorke rose, took her candle, and said "Good night."

"I feel so dreadfully foolish," whispered Madeline, "are you sure you are not frightened, Juillet?"

"Quite," laughed Miss Yorke; "no, don't come, too, or I should have to bring you back again."

So they parted, the true heiress and the one who filled her place: Juillet had spoken truth, she was not nervous; she had known little trouble or anxiety, her life had flowed on peacefully and evenly; she had not the delicate, highly-strung temperament of her unknown sister.

With a smile of pity for Miss Darnley's alarms, she prepared for rest, and very soon after her head touched the pillow, she was in a happy, dreamless sleep.

Not so Madeline; in vain she sought sleep, in vain she strove to calm her throbbing head; hardly in her own room could she have suffered more, rest would not come to her, every nerve was aroused, every thought and feeling seemed to imply some impending danger.

She passed the long hours in expectant agony, she could not have told what she thought was going to happen, but one thing, she knew, nothing would have surprised her.

At last she could bear this no longer, she got up and dressed herself, almost mechanically resolved that anything was better than her state of inaction and determined to be prepared for anything.

It came, the clock had chimed the hour of four its last sound was dying away, when a thundering knock came at her door.

Madeline would have risen, but she fell back helpless on her chair, the knocking was repeated louder, louder it grew, and she could distinguish Sir Roland's voice.

"We must break the door open, or she is lost."

The knowledge he was there, the father she had learned to love, gave her fresh courage, she staggered to the door, pushed back the bolt, opened it, and fell fainting into the Baronet's arms.

It was best for her she was unconscious, she was saved the terrors of the scene before her. The Hall was on fire, how or when it had broken out was a mystery.

Sir Roland had been aroused by his wife some

hour before. She was standing by his bedside dressed in the velvet robes which so well became her imperial beauty, repeating in a tone of triumph:

"I have done it!"

Alarmed at her wild expression and the glare of her eyes, he had attempted to soothe her. She had turned on him as some wild beast, and bit him furiously on the hand, the wretched husband realised she was beside herself; he dressed, and ran hastily for assistance.

He spoke of illness to the maid who came at his summons, but he knew himself that Gertrude's was no ordinary malady; she grew calmer with the servant, but each sight of him seemed to avenge her, and she would lock her hands together, and repeat her fearful cry:

"I have done it! I have done it!"

Stunned by this awful calamity, he was leaving the room to send off a servant for medical advice, when he was almost choked by a cloud of smoke coming from a distant corridor.

The air was like a furnace, he could distinguish a sheet of flame creeping like a shadowy serpent down the passage, and the truth burst on him, the Hall was on fire.

He was almost stupefied by his double misfortune, he just remembered Miss Darley's room was in that direction, and he was hastening to it, when he heard a human voice in agony—his daughter's.

"Help! help! I am here, will no one come?"

The voice came from Miss Darley's room, beyond a doubt, no other in that neighbourhood was inhabited, but how did Juillet come there? the father rattled the handle of the door.

"It is I, Juillet, open quickly, child."

"I can't," she gasped; "it's locked."

He turned the key and opened the door, and Juillet clung to him in an agony of terror; well might she fear, the flames had already entered the room, their smoke was almost suffocating: a very little later and the father would have found only the charred remains of his darling child.

But Madeline Darley knew of none of the troubles of the Hall. Sir Roland bore her unconscious in his arms to the lodge where his mother and Juillet had already found shelter. Lady Yorke was there, too, only upstairs with her faithful maid attending to her. Sir Roland had forcibly detained Juillet below; not for worlds would he have her see her mother as she then was.

The flames spread fast, but hopes were still entertained that they might be confined to the wing of the building where they had broken out.

No idea of the origin of the fire could be obtained, but it had certainly begun near Madeline's room; but for Sir Roland's passing, Juillet might have fallen a victim to her generosity. Surely that locked door was an important item in the events of that January night.

Juillet and Lady Frances devoted themselves to the care of Madeline, and were so successful that she had opened her eyes, and even spoken before the doctor, who had been sent for, arrived. He saw Lady Yorke first, but Juillet waylaid him on his way down.

"Dr. Bond, how is mamma? Can I go up to her now?"

He was an old man, and had known her all her life. He pitied her most truly. That day had thrown a blight on her worse than any blight save that of crime.

"Better not, Miss Juillet; sleep is the best thing for Lady Yorke. Where is Sir Roland?"

He came in at that moment, weary and haggard. It was only six o'clock, but he seemed to have lived ten years since the previous night. He took the doctor out with him, perhaps to prevent Juillet from hearing what he would so faithfully from her.

Madeline was lying in a state of exhaustion on the floor, Lady Frances watching beside her; Juillet left the little room unperceived, and crept upstairs. The maid had disappeared, on the humble bed lay the majestic form of Lady Yorke. Juillet knelt down and took one of her hands in hers, asking:

"Are you better, mother?"

Gertrude Yorke opened her eyes—her large dark eyes—and glanced suspiciously round the room, then breaking into a hideous laugh, she cried:

"I have done it!"

"All Juillet's blood was chilled. The hideous laugh, the fearful glare of the eyes frightened her.

"Done what, mother?" she asked, gently.

Lady Yorke did not heed the question.

"I hate her, Juillet," she went on, wildly, "just as I hated her mother, but they shan't harm you, child. I've done it."

"Mother," said the daughter, timidly, "you are tired. You had better try to rest. I am sure papa would say so."

"Who is he?"

"He has gone to the Hall to help the men to put out the fire," answered Juillet, involuntarily speaking

in easy words, as though addressing a little child.

"You're sure he won't come back just yet."

"No."

"Where have they put her?"

"Who?" asked Juillet, bewildered.

"That girl."

"Madeline? She is better; she is downstairs."

"Better! Downstairs!" repeated Lady Yorke, in a voice of derision. "You are dreaming, child, the is dead."

"Yes, dead," went on the mad woman, wildly. "I wonder what it feels like to be dead? She can't hurt us any more, I've taken care of that."

"Mamma, dear, indeed, indeed, you mustn't talk so. Madeline never tried to hurt us, and she is not dead. She is downstairs with grandmamma."

Gertrude glanced at her daughter wildly; then she seized hold of her wrist, and held it in a vice-like grasp, and drawing her close, hissed rather than whispered:

"I know she is dead, I locked her in."

Juillet could not long have supported that awful scene; help was at hand; her senses were almost failing her, when she felt herself released from that awful embrace, and her father wound his arms around her as though he had rescued her from some great peril.

"They cannot stay here," said the doctor. "Sir Roland, my carriage is here, let it take them to my house, this is no scene for them."

They went; Lady Frances, her grand-daughter and Madeline, and the doctor's wife, a kindly, elderly lady, received them with every attention.

Rooms were got ready, and Madeline and Juillet were soon in bed, with Lady Frances watching over them with the keen anxiety produced by recent danger.

The day was almost over when Juillet awoke. Worn out with fatigue and excitement, she had slept long and heavily.

"Mamma; how is mamma?" was the first cry.

"Your mother is still at the cottage, dear," answered her grandmother; "but we have much to be thankful for, Juillet. The fire is out, and besides the rooms in the west wing, very little injury has been done."

"And papa?"

"He will soon be here to answer for himself."

"Oh, I must get up and go to him; poor papa, he must want someone to comfort him so much."

Her grandmother did not oppose her wish. The maid had already been from the Hall with everything Miss Yorke could want.

They dressed her tenderly, and then she felt how weak she was. She seemed as feeble as though she had been weeks in bed.

They took her downstairs and laid her on a sofa. Good Mrs. Bond came and sat there beside her, telling her of how much better Miss Darley was, and how little damage was really done to the Hall. But her talking only worried Juillet, and at last she went away.

Then the door opened, and someone came in noiselessly. Not Sir Roland; a younger man.

Juillet raised herself on her pillows to see who, and her voice had a world of thankful joy in it as she said "Gerald."

He came and knelt down beside the couch. He kissed her tenderly, once or twice. He held her hand in his.

"My poor little Juillet."

"Not poor now," she whispered; "not poor now you are come. Oh, Gerald, it is so good to see you. You will comfort papa. Mamma is ill. Have you heard?"

"Yes," he said, gravely. "I have only just left Sir Roland. He sent me to you."

"Did he look very tired and ill?"

"He looked very sad and sorrowful, dear. Not ill, I think."

"And mamma? You must have heard. Is she any better?"

"I'm afraid not," he said, gravely.

"Might not I go to her. Oh, Gerald, I could do more for her than anyone else."

"It would be too much for you, dear; she is very ill."

"Not very ill," pleaded Juillet. "You don't mean so ill that we mustn't hope?"

He knew quite well that the only thing the true friends of Gertrude Yorke could hope for her was that death might soon throw his mantle of pity over all her faults; but he could not tell her daughter this. He said gravely:

"We must hope that she may have rest."

Those two sat on in the winter's evening. He with her head pillow'd on his arm, feeling that he had found his life's work to protect this fragile creature from every breath of trouble that could assail her on life's way, and bravely laying aside his own

blighted hopes, to live for her, and her only, until death did them part.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## SCIENCE.

**MUSTARD AND CRESS.**—Few people who see and purchase the punnets of small saladings, looking so neat and nice in the grocers' windows, have a thought of how it is produced further than they suppose it grew somewhere; or have a notion of the magnitude and importance of this branch of market gardening, or the number of people it directly or indirectly gives employment to. It is a branch of gardening which is carried on to a certain extent all the year, but the tide of its greatest activity coincides with the arrival of the French lettuces in our markets, and continues through the spring and summer months. Shortly after Christmas, therefore, in the places where it is grown, the floors of the early vineries and other suitable warm houses are prepared for the crop. The seed is frequently sown and placed in hot situations, to swell and even stir before sowing; though this, I believe, is more with a view of shortening the time the crop occupies the ground, and as a rule one crop a week is taken. A single hand will cut from 1,000 to 1,200 punnets per day. It is highly important that the seed used shall be of the very finest quality, or the crop will either be too thin, or, what is almost worse, irregular in its growth, some ready to cut and some just up, in which case the appearance is not bad, but it starts to rot in the punnets much sooner than if the whole is regular. Three parts of the so-called mustard is rape, which is of milder flavour, and is, moreover, smooth and white in the stem, whilst mustard is hairy, and does not keep so well when cut. One grower pays £3 per week on an average for punnets alone, and uses from 800 bushels to 700 bushels of seed per year.

CAST iron should be painted directly after leaving the mould, in order to preserve the hard skin which is formed upon the surface of the metal by the fusing of the sand in which it is cast.

**A NEW WALL PAPER.**—It is now proposed in Germany to make wall paper which will adapt itself to the degree of illumination of the room, becoming darker as the room is more lit up, and vice versa. The *Papier Zeitung* suggests to this end paper printed or coated with oxalate of copper, which acts in the manner above described. It is believed that may in this way be produced on wall papers, and possibly on other materials.

**NOVEL CAVALRY EQUIPMENT.**—It is intended to supply slabs of gun cotton as part of the cavalry equipment, to be carried in a sort of waist belt, and used if necessary, for the destruction of railways, stockades, etc., for which purposes gun cotton has proved the most powerful of all explosive agents, while it is the safest and most convenient to carry.

**WASH FOR TREES.**—Pour ten parts of boiling water on one of gas tar; and when cold, sprinkle peach, plum, and other trees, gooseberry bushes, and even standard roses before any bud appears; the same will be free from insects all the summer. You may safely paint the stems of trees, and the stems of young larch and forest trees, and it will entirely keep away hares and rabbits. Sheep or horses will not touch the stems of apple trees.

**A NEW FORM OF ENTERPRISE IN TELEGRAPHY.**—It is proposed to start an establishment in or near the Houses of Parliament, that will for a certain subscription wire to clubs or private houses the speeches as they are made by the honourable members.

## THE MAN OF BUSINESS AND THE BUSINESS MAN.

The man of business and the business man both have business to do; but the business man is the one who does it. The business man thinks, moves, acts, and makes himself felt in the world. If a thought comes into his head, it is one of breadth and compass—it does not centre on self and its narrow world. It reaches away and embraces others. It has a wide range, and does not stop till it touches and affects for good the interests of all.

Now are the thoughts of such men immobile. They became acting, living realities in the wide and busy world. The authors of them make of those business thoughts actualities, give them "local habitation and a name," and steamboats are built

and ocean is navigated, and distant climes and nations brought together; an electric telegraph springs into being as by enchantment, and lightning becomes garrulous and volatile, thought out-travels the winged winds; and in a twinkling the bands and shackles of trade are loosened.

Such are the workings produced by the business man. He awakens the drowsy and helpless multitudes, puts life and thought, energy and action, into them, and makes the world leap rejoicing along the path of ages. Where it step before was but a single year, now it strides by scores and fifties.

"Men of thought, men of action,  
Clear the way."

And they do clear the way—their thoughts become tangible, moving, demolishing forces, that break down and crush all opposing barriers, opening a pathway of progress, into which the more sluggish and timid portion of humanity may securely travel.

But the man of business is emphatically what the name indicates. His business is always on his hands. He does not do it. He does not know how to go to work in the right way. His thoughts are all measured and slow. He weighs self-made doubts and supposed contingencies, and before he moves the business man gets up and runs away from him and wins the race.

The man of business won't go ahead, he only eddies round and round—he does not progress—his path is a circle. He does not find himself at night many miles on his journey's way, but, like the hour hand of a clock, just where he started. He is not clear and decided in what he does, but often stands hesitating and puzzled. He ventures and falls back: has a stout heart in fancy, but none in fact.

## HIS EVIL GENIUS.

### CHAPTER XLII.

Of course, it was my polyglot conductor whom the servant had left to sit in a niche by the door, not even vouchsafing him the lamp for a companion.

I think he had sensibly passed that dreary time in gentle slumbers, or, at any rate, did not seem to have overheard, and certainly could not have seen anything of our hasty, I was going to say interview, but that is, sticking to exact truth as I wish to do, exactly what it wasn't.

If our whispers, or any other gentle sounds had reached him, I can only say that the fellow's countenance, into which I had stared most searchingly under the full glare of a street lamp as I tipped him for his services, did not in the least betray him.

Notwithstanding my worthy uncle's solicitude on the subject, I was back on board the steamer a full hour and more before I need have been, and long before any of the other passengers had returned.

When De Lyons and his friends did at last arrive, only just before we started, with two or three other kindred spirits with whom they had fraternised from among our fellow passengers—a brace of Yankees, and a young fellow who vaunted himself greatly as being traveller for some dry goods firm in the City—I suppose Taraxacum now felt that he had a right to be "Hail, fellow! well meet," with any gent in that line of life.

This lively lot had been, by their own account, enjoying "a noend of a lark" ashore—i. e., as far as I could make out, making considerable snobs of themselves. A heavy supper at the *Café de la Concorde*, a row in the public billiard-rooms belonging to that establishment, and a fight between Gorles and the head waiter, seemed to have composed the principal features of their evening's adventures.

Gorles had brought back with him four bottles of *Asti* wine, and a huge box of preserved fruits and confections, almost the size of a moderate oyster-barrel, as a special thank-offering to myself for having, as he declared, so nobly saved his precious life.

I wasn't going to accept the sticky nastiness, nor anything else from him. I told him plainly that I desired neither his thanks nor his presents, and as soon as we had steamed clear out of the harbour, and lost sight of the lights of Genoa, I turned into my berth in the small cabin which had been allotted to myself and De Lyons conjointly.

I had been asleep for some time—fast asleep and dreaming; I dreamt that I was in a great ship—which was just the real fact—you know—and that we were tossed in a most tremendous tempest—which was anything but the fact, for it was as calm as possible, and we were going along full steam as

steadily as possible, but in my dream we couldn't make way at all; the more we steamed and crowded on sail the more we only floated backwards stern first, and we rolled and pitched over and over in the most fearful manner; then all the passengers and all the ship's crew gathered together for a consultation on the deck, the result of which was that the mate who took the passports went round to us all, and asked if there was any gentleman answering to the name of Jonah on board, for, if there were, that it had been decided that he must be thrown overboard to the whales, who were hanging about all round the steamer in immense numbers, bellowing impatiently for their expected prey; then it all of a sudden struck me that of course Gorles must be the cause of our danger and detention, the special object of Divine wrath and vengeance, so I felt it to be my duty publicly to denounce him as such.

All agreed unanimously to my view, and there was a general rush to catch and cast him overboard into the boiling waters, all among the whales, without a moment's further delay; but he ran to me, and clinging round my knees, piteously entreated me to save him.

He tried to bribe me with promises of whole cart-loads full of dried fruits and sweetmeats, and hundreds of bottles of *Asti* wine; but I kicked him away ruthlessly, and told him that he must certainly die for his sins, and that I was glad to see him thus paid for Katie's sake.

"Katie De Lornie shall be thus avenged: yes, far Katie's sake," I shouted at the top of my voice. "Ah, you vile little toad, you never guessed that I was talking to Katie herself this very evening at Genoa, and I promised that you would never harm her again."

This last sentence still ran out its length upon my tongue after I was awake, having sprang up in the excitement of my dream, and knocked my head a most thundering crack against the top of my berth.

"The deuce you did!" uttered with a low chuckle, was the sound which struck my astonished ears before I had scarcely had time to recover the crack, or could realise where I was.

"The deuce you did! that's what you were after when you gave us the slip this evening."

There was no light, but I knew the voice in a minute.

I rolled myself out of my berth, stepped with my big toe right into Taraxacum's wide open mouth as he lay snoring below me.

He woke up, swearing terribly, and laid hold of me tight by the leg, but I made a grab at the little rascal, for it was Gorles himself sure enough, just as he was slipping through the door, and pinned him tight.

"What are you doing in here?" I asked.

"What's the row?" grumbled De Lyons, still only half awake. "What tricks have you been playing? You shouldn't shove things into a fellow's mouth, you might choke him, you know."

Gorles couldn't escape, so he determined to take the bull by the horns, and make the best of it.

"Why," he said, "I heard someone shouting and hollering so loud through the partition that I thought I had better come to see what was the matter; and so when I peeped into this door softly, you were talking away all manner of wild nonsense, so I thought the best way was to answer you as nearly as I could, which I have been always told is the best thing to pacify people and soothe them down quietly."

"Confound him," said De Lyons. "What is it? What is he after? Has he been riding the pockets of our clothes, or come after our watches? Call the steward, and make him lock the thief up somewhere till morning, or just thump his head hard against the door-post, that we may have a mark to swear to when the light comes."

I was within an ace of acting upon his advice, when I luckily remembered the consequences, which, in the confusion of the moment, had almost escaped my mind, so, relaxing my hold, he scuttled off just like a rat into his own hole, which was in the next cabin to our own.

I took uncommon good care to lock ourselves in for the rest of the night.

Next morning, that aggravating fellow, De Lyons, having first carefully counted over his money, his studs, watch-chain gimbrels, in which he rejoiced, and other valuables, which, as I could not help remarking, betrayed his real opinion of the friend whose cause he chose so stoutly to advocate, positively began to take his part, and declared that, for his part, he could see nothing either particularly strange or accountable in Gorles having thus mysteriously turned up in our cabin, as it was only quite natural, that hearing a great row and shouting, that he should come in to ascertain—if it were from no

higher motive than common curiosity—which of us two was murdering the other.

And thus backed up, the little brute had the audacity to come up to me after breakfast to explain and to laugh off, what he was pleased to call our "rather funny" night's adventure as a good joke.

At the same time, he offered to give me his honour—and you should just have seen the diabolical grin with which he alluded to that precious stake—that though he heard me calling out and talking, that it was all so incoherent and unconnected that he had not the slightest idea what it was all about, and that I had betrayed no secrets or confidences.

I could only long impatiently for our arrival at Marseilles, when I hoped to escape and be free from his hateful presence, which oppressed me; and to make the time pass quicker, and to keep out of his way, I buried myself in my stupid French novel; it was one that I had snatched up haphazard from my mother's table just as I was starting—starchly proper, of course, and dreadfully sentimental.

Why is it, I wonder, that all French novels, unless they are very improper or very immoral, should always be abominably stupid?

Arrived at Marseilles, De Lyons and I had lost no time in landing, and getting ourselves and our traps cleared through the then unavoidable nuisances of those social purgatives, the passport offices and the Douane.

We had left Gorles behind us, again engaged in a hot contest, this time with the steward, to whom he refused to pay the usual fee, upon the plea that although he had engaged a berth he had not taken anything like two francs' worth of sleep out of it. He declared that he had not, indeed, slept a wink. He did not say why, but I believe that he had been prowling about the steamer all night, like a cat, from cabin to cabin.

We went at once to the diligence-office to secure places. The Great Southern Railway of France was not at that time completed below Chalon, except for a few leagues just out of Marseilles. There was only one diligence which started for Paris that afternoon, taking the rail as far as it went, and then going on through the night and next day as far as Lyons.

Every place in the coupes intérieures and the rotundas was engaged, but the three places in the banquet on top were to be had.

"By all means let us take them all three," I said directly, and paid down the money.

"Gorles will gladly take the odd one off our hands," said De Lyons. "I know he intends to come on at once without stopping."

"Does he?" I replied, "that is unlucky; for with the very stout conducteur, who will occupy more than twice his proper space, there will not be a bit more room than we two shall require to be comfortable, with only just space for our rug and coats and paraphernalia between us."

"Don't let us tell Gorles," said the perfidious Taraxacum, delighted at the idea. "I dare say he will never think of coming after a place until it is time to start, and it will be such a jolly sell for him."

"I think we have dodged our worthy friend now," I remarked, as we went on our way much rejoicing and contented in spirit; and refreshed, as I was before long corporeally, by a warm bath and a capital feed at the *Hôtel des Empereurs*, I was even more effectually renovated mentally by the thoughts of so soon leaving my *bête noire* and his evil influences with a twelve hours' start at least behind me.

He came in while we were still at our repast. We could not help his joining us there, because we were all at one public table in the salle a manger.

De Lyons by this time owned that he was an odious little beast, and that he had had enough of his company; but he sat himself down by us, and joined in our conversation.

We did not, however, much mind him, consoling ourselves, as we were, with the thought of how soon we should be rid of his unwelcome company altogether.

Not a word did we volunteer about the diligence, but Taraxacum dug his elbow so smartly into my ribs that I nearly yelled out, when the obsequious maître d'hôtel came in kindly to suggest that if any of les messieurs Anglais intended departing for Paris, it would be well to see about securing their places without delay.

Gorles started off at once, and we chuckled unrestrainedly to think of the disappointment in store for him.

He did not return; and by-and-bye it was time for us to be off, and down we went in high glee to the diligence-office.

We had tossed for the corner seat, and I had won it; De Lyons, therefore, had to crawl up first, and had reached the lofty height, when he uttered a loud exclamation of astonishment.

I was up in less than a moment behind him. I

nearly fell back again on to the pavement below; there, snugly encased in the further corner of the banqueting, repose Gorles, grinning at us, and slowly wagging his head in solemn derision.

We were beaten, there was no mistake about it, though we loudly protested, and showing our tickets, proved that, although only two persons, we had paid for and were entitled to all three places for ourselves.

That cunning imp had bargained with and paid the conducteur for his own special place, who, as he explained the arrangement, shrugged his shoulders over his ears, and declaimed against the selfishness and exigence of all English, declaring that we were only too fortunate in having un gentil petit monsieur comme celui là, to share the space with us instead of himself, who was gross, and would have taken up double the room.

We were forced to submit, but so far revenged ourselves upon the conducteur, who once or twice in the course of that bitter night attempted to come in himself, that we stoutly resisted; he had sold his right, and in vain appealed to our compassion: so the wretched man had to stay out in the cold, either balancing himself on a moiety of the very small perch in front, alongside of the driver's, or clinging on by stray straps to the steps of lamp-irons of the vehicle as best he could.

Gorles himself resisted all such attempts even more strenuously than ourselves, flying at him like a very fiend incarnate, as indeed during that awful journey he did at every individual he came near.

Awful indeed and ever memorable that journey certainly was! I verily believe that if I were to live to be a hundred, the impressions that were vividly stamped upon my mind during those three days on the road between Marseilles and Paris will never be effaced.

Though now some years have passed, and I have been to so many places, and done so many things which I have entirely forgotten, every scene, every little incident of that journey is as fresh in my memory as if it had all happened yesterday.

The continual rows we had to go through, the perpetual squabbles, the evil blood that was stirred up by that vindictive little monster through the whole course of our route, and the way he involved us, against our wills, and yet without being able to help ourselves, in his quarrels, until matters were brought to the tremendous climax which I shall have to tell you directly, were really what I never could have even imagined or believed, unless I had myself witnessed and suffered them.

Not that he attempted to quarrel with us; on the contrary, the more I snubbed Gorles, and plainly expressed my opinion as to his outrageous conduct, and the disgrace which he brought not only on himself but upon us, his most unwilling companions—De Lyons even resorted to downright threats of thrashing him unless he would shut up and behave himself more like a gentleman—but all the more savage we became with him, the more obsequious and exaggerated were his reiterated protestations of attachment and gratitude towards us both, but myself particularly.

It was more often than not, by way of being on our behalf, that he deemed it necessary to fly at, fight with, and in the coarsest terms abuse every person he came across.

De Lyons declared that he really thought it must be the effect of my wrath and indignation acting on his brain, through the sympathy of the perverted supply of animal pluck which he had so long ago purloined from myself. For my part, I did not see but that there might be more truth than he perhaps intended in the surmises, for I had the words of the old professor in my mind when he foreboded of Gorles that he might probably become the victim of pugnacious impulses which would prove disproportionate to his size; and if he was only obeying the impulses which he had described to Taraxacum, for "serving, fighting for, and even falling in my defence," I in return felt conscious of a rather ungrateful desire for seeing him fairly smashed, like a venomous little wasp as he was.

To begin with, then. We were settled in our places, and on the point of starting from Marseilles when row number one came off with a poor fruit-seller in the street.

I had myself selected and paid—sixpence I think it was—for a pomegranate.

"Bother the thing!" I said, as I tasted it, "it is not ripe."

I had hardly made the remark when Gorles snatched the fruit from my very mouth, wriggled his little legs out without undoing the apron, which was by that time settled and strapped across us, jumped down almost upon the very head of the astonished fruit-seller, upsetting his pomegranates, regardless of which he loudly demanded another in exchange, and even two for the price which had been

paid, and which, entirely upon his own authority, he declared to be exorbitant.

The poor man naturally resisted, the crowd took his part, and we should have probably run a chance of being pulled down amongst them, as deserving victims of public indignation, if the postilion had not at that moment luckily cracked his whip, and started his horses with a shout. Gorles had to scramble up again as best he could.

De Lyons, by the way, had taken the advantage of slipping into his corner place, which nothing would induce him to give up again.

But thus it was that we set out on that inauspicious journey, among the execrations of the populace. Only a fitting prelude, as it proved, was that start to what we were to undergo.

At every town we stopped to change horses did Gorles, somehow, contrive to insult and get up a quarrel with every post-master on the road, against all of whom he invariably swore to lodge detrimental complaints before the authorities, for the inferiority of their horses, the harness, the roads, or some fault or another.

Even every single individual among the other passengers in the diligence itself, all of whom, as far as we could make out, he had gratuitously insulted before we had arrived, by making faces at, and even offensive observations upon them, in at the windows of the several compartments of the vehicle.

One old French gentleman in the coupé he had rendered perfectly furious by crushing in the top of his hat as he was swinging himself down from above, just as the old gentleman had put his head out of the side window to make an observation, and then grinning with all his might, offered him, instead of an apology, a sticky sweetmeat, and then a halfpenny cigarette, by way of compensation for his awkwardness.

Then with every fresh postilion in succession the rows and personal abuse that ensued, and in which we, of course, came in for our share, were something too awful to sit by and listen to.

The larger the man—and it has already been justly remarked by one of the very first among English authors, that among the French the smallest men appear to be always selected for soldiers, as the largest are, or rather were, by an equally invariable rule, taken for postilions—the more gigantic the postilion, the more virulently did Gorles always seem impelled to attack, insult, and abuse him in proportion.

"If the scoundrel had said another single word," he told us on more than one occasion, "I would have jumped down and pitched into him."

"Do," said De Lyons, "I dare say he wouldn't dare really to 'stick up' to you: you can skillfully catch him a crack in the eye, you know, or double the fellow up when he leans down, as of course he must to reach you."

But though thus exhorted, as we hoped, to go in for his own inevitable annihilation, he never seemed inclined to actually carry his oft-repeated threats into execution, but contented himself with a more strategic species of revenge; for I perceived him, when he fancied that De Lyons and myself were both asleep in the middle of the night, quietly opening the little window pane of the glass front, and maliciously injuring his adversary on the driving perch in front by cutting sundry slits with his penknife in the skirts of the poor fellow's coat behind and then pouring the remnants of his wine-bottle and putting cigar-ends and other filth into his pockets.

Still, all the while, as I have said, his attentions to myself were even more odious than his enmity against all the rest of the world.

He had stowed away his box of sweetmeats somewhere under our legs, and at intervals during the night he would insist upon producing them.

"Would I condescend to accept one, only one? They were so excellent he was sure I should like them. Would I, to oblige him, only just try one small one?"

"If you offer them to me again," I said at last, utterly losing all patience, "I will pitch the whole lot of them out into the road."

De Lyons also entirely refused them, alleging that it made him quite sick even to look at such things, "on a journey, too, of all occasions to think of," as he added contemptuously; but when Gorles was asleep I heard Master Taraxacum picking away and munching at them the whole night through.

The beastly things somehow got shaken out all over the place in the course of the night. I found myself sitting upon a great sticky preserved apricot; and when we at last arrived at that journey's end, two large pieces of candied orange-peel had insinuated themselves into my very boots when I came to draw them off.

Though all through the night I was constantly waking from uneasy snatches of sleep, feverish, and parched with thirst, and was glad to get a draught

of water or anything to drink at the post-houses when we stopped to change, I would rather have choked than accept any of his Asti wine, which he would insist upon offering me, only to be disdainfully refused—I would have none of it. It was only by mere snatches during that weary night that I managed to get any sleep at all.

Once I woke up to find Gorles's heels actually resting upon my shoulder, while his head was comfortably pillowled in De Lyons' lap, as he had stretched himself lengthways in the space between us. Another time, having wriggled and curled himself up like a hedgehog, you may guess my indignation when I found my hat, which had slipped from the strap above us, squashed out of all recognisable form completely under him.

(To be Continued.)

#### TAKING COMFORT.

The dream of mortals is of a time coming when cares shall cease to infest, anxieties to oppress, every wish to be gratified, and they shall take solid comfort.

Many waste all their lives in the vain pursuit of this dream, which, like a will-o'-the-wisp, leads them a sad chase over bog and fen and morass, eluding them to the last. A few thoughtful souls arrive seasonably at the wise conclusion that not in this world will the time ever come when, without any dregs of bitterness, the chalice pressed to our lips will be full of only comfort. We must take the bitter with the sweet as we go along.

Contentment is not an outward growth. Its roots spring from the very depths of the soul, and are nourished quite as well by rain as by sunshine, by sorrow as by joy. When once one has resolved within himself to take life as it is and make the best of it, then he may, even in tribulation, take comfort, though the majority of people do not prefer to take it in that form.

The delights of life, like pleasant weather through the year, are scattered all along the way, and unless we enjoy them as they come, the opportunity once past never returns. It is all very well to provide for a rainy day, but that man is very foolish who allows himself to be soaked by drenching rains that he may save his umbrella from some possible future storms.

Pleasure-taking is not nearly so much provided for among our earnest, intense, energetic people as it should be.

We live altogether too much in the future, too little in the present. We live poor that we may die rich. We get all ready to be happy, and when we are quite ready, infirmity or disease or death sets in, and the chance to take comfort in this life is gone. If we only could be content to seize upon the little pleasures that lie just outside and often within our daily pathway, they would make a large sum total at the end of three-score and ten.

For too many of us scorn pleasures that are cheap and near and within our grasp, and complain because we cannot have such as are costly and remote and inaccessible. But if we would only magnify the little things that make life pleasant as we do those that make it unpleasant, the cup of our joys would continually overflow. We complain of cloud and storm, but do we rejoice in the sunshine and fair weather?

We complain in the coldness of a friend, but do we value fully the fidelity of those who remain true? We count the hours when sickness prostrates us, but how many days of health pass utterly unnoticed and without thanksgiving? We mourn passionately for the dead, while we neglect the living whom to-morrow we may weep as dead.

It is well for us to heed the saying of the wise man:

"There is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?"

#### THE REASON.

It has always been believed by most people that "plants in a room are unhealthy." This is not the case; at the same time it is undeniably true that stagnant water, so often allowed to accumulate in the saucers of the pots, and decayed leaves, produce predisposition to disease. Cut flowers are another fruitful source, though little thought of, malaria in rooms. Very soon the bottom of the stalk begins to decay, and from that moment the stagnant water begins to exercise the influence of a pestiferous morass. Changing the water at least every day, is

the chief means of preventing the unseen annoyance. Putting a little charcoal in the water will do good, and to keep the flowers long, they shoul be taken out, and a small piece nipped or cut off the end of the stalk, so that a fresh piece will be presented to the water.

A friend of ours used to keep flowers fresh by this means for four, and even in some cases for six weeks, while others could not keep similar flowers a week. This unseen evil, from great quantities, of cut flowers, arises from the fact that the person who puts them into vessels never thinks more about them until the flowers decay. We have no hesitation in stating that a dozen such vessels of cut flowers in a room less unscented, would be sufficient to bring on slow fever. All admirers of cut flowers may soon satisfy themselves of the truth of this statement.

#### A DOLEFUL SPECTACLE.

Did you ever see a man afflicted with toothache? If not, you have missed an edifying spectacle. It is a most distressing pain; still it has been endured at different times by almost every one. But the male, who is called upon to endure the pain caused by a troublesome tooth firmly believes that he suffers as no one ever suffered before. Yet he is not courageous enough to "haye it out," although that is the course he would point out to any one else as the only correct one to adopt. In his own case, he is frigile in inventing expedients for putting off the evil day, probably, if the pain abates, to a remote date.

A woman must be very near, indeed, akin to an angel, who, after her husband or some other near male relative has for years laughed to scorn her complaints of agonising neuralgia—telling her that it "is all fancy," "only nerves" (could it be anything worse?), that she would never have it if she did something or other totally out of her power to do—does not, sorry as she may be that he should suffer, feel a certain satisfaction when the enemy seizes upon him, and he is made to feel what she has endured.

She knows, however, that it will make him but little more considerate; he will be so absorbed by the pain that it will never come clearly home to him that the torture he has so often ridiculed is exactly the same which he is now bearing with as much an amount of patience. He cannot be convinced that he suffers no more than others have suffered before him, and with far more fortitude.

#### ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.

There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family, if there is a leakage in his kitchen or in the parlour, it runs away he knows not how, and that demon—Waste—cries more, like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that has provided has no more to give.

It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life—to educate his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition should carry her no further than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children.

This should be her sole aim. She may do as much at home towards making a fortune, as he can do, in the workshop or the counting-room. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy, it is what he saves from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the fruits of his labour with his best friend, and if the friend be not true to him, what has he to hope? If he dare not place confidence in the companion of his bosom, where is he to place it?

A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of the man she loves, and she is bound to act for his good, and not for her own gratification. Her husband's good is the end to which she should aim—his approbation is her reward. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious; the first feeds vanity to extravagance, the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account; and the latter brings intemperance, the first of all evils, in its train.

#### A CHAPTER ON MATRIMONY.

There are four sorts of women among the candidates for matrimony, corresponding to wives, companions, ladies, and ladies of fashion. One is a wife, marries a companion, courts a lady, and becomes a famous lady of fashion. One is happy with a wife, contented with a companion, lives in a quiet way with a lady, and just manages to get along tolerably with a lady of fashion. One is loved by a wife, well treated by a companion, esteemed by a lady, and tolerated by a lady of fashion. One is one body and one soul with a wife, a couple with a companion, a family with a lady, and a housekeeper with a lady of fashion. When a man is sick, he is tenderly nursed by his wife, pitied by his companion, visited by his lady, and inquired after by the lady of fashion. If the husband dies, the wife is inconsolable, the companion mourns for him, the lady is married in a year, and the lady of fashion forgets him in six weeks.

#### BAD TEMPER.

There are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a thoroughly bad temper. It does not matter what form that temper may assume, whether it is of a sulky kind that maintains perfect silence for many days, or the madly passionate, which vents itself in absolute violence. Ill temper at any age is a bad thing; it never does any body any good, and those who indulge in it feel no better for it. After the passion has passed away, one sees that he has been very foolish, and knows that others see it, too. Bad temper in the aged is, perhaps, the most trying of all; it is indeed a pitiable sight to see the wrinkled cheek of an old person aflame with the fires of anger and passion. Since anger is useless, and an unspeakable misery to its votives, why should it be indulged in at all?

#### RICHARD PEMBERTON;

—OR—

#### THE SELF-MADE JUDGE.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

In the course of the next week Mr. Ipsey called at the cottage to know if the children were not to be allowed to go to Sunday school.

The children were anxious to go, and their entreaties joined to Mr. Ipsey's arguments and Ellen's secret inclinations to oblige Mrs. Pemberton, prevailed over her scruples, and she consented, saying to herself that there was no other church or school in the neighbourhood, and the sect which had professed Mrs. Pemberton could not be far wrong.

So the next Sunday morning Falconer and Maud set out together; to walk up the hill by the footpath the distance was short.

It was a lovely morning, and Falconer and Maud had a delightful walk. They reached the church.

The sexton conducted them upstairs into the spacious gallery in which the Sunday school was kept.

Here, dispersed about the gallery pews, were about half a dozen of teachers, each with some eight or twelve pupils collected around her.

Among the teachers was Mrs. Richard Pemberton, and Mrs. Lovell.

Mrs. Pemberton had a large-sized square pew beside the great organ. There were about a dozen little girls around her. The black lace veil was thrown back, and the lady's beautiful face was unshaded, save by the drooping black ruffles.

Mr. Ipsey, as superintendent, stood before a large desk in the corner, doing something with pen and ink, lightly kicking his neat boot toes together, and winking his eyes and eyebrows, and every little while sticking the pen behind his ear, and flying off at a tangent to hand a book to some pupil, or to speak a word to some teacher.

Maud and Falconer were rather late; the morning prayers were over, and the exercise of the school commenced, so Mr. Ipsey told them, when Falconer walked up to his desk, made his bow, and presented his little sister.

Nevertheless, Mr. Ipsey took a New Testament out of his pocket, opened it, and handed it to Maud, and told her to read to him, that he might test her abilities, and know in what class to place her.

Maud read well and fluently, though in a low voice, and with a blushing cheek.

Mr. Ipsey was satisfied, took the book from her

hand, and said he must put her in Miss Spooner's Testament class.

"But, if you please, sir, I want to go into that lady's class?" said Maud, timidly, indicating Mrs. Pemberton.

Mr. Ipsey's eyebrows flew up in surprise, then puckered down in frown.

"What—what—what do you say? What lady?" he asked, quickly and nervously.

"Mrs. Pemberton, sir, if you please!"

"Eh? What? My conscience! Little girls are not to choose what class they are to go into."

"But, sir, if you please, I came here to go into Mrs. Pemberton's class," persisted Maud, gently letting her eyes linger on the form of the lady.

"Oh, Mrs. Richard Pemberton cannot be plagued with you. Come, come, let's go to Miss Spooner's class!" said Mr. Ipsey, his eyebrows exclaiming the most incredible fandangoes as he surveyed the little girl from head to foot.

The fact was, Mr. Ipsey did not think Maud quite "gentle" enough to be put near Mrs. Pemberton. He acted solely upon his own responsibility; and he had thought he was exercising the very soundest discretion in selecting the prettiest and best dressed children for Mrs. Pemberton's class. And it was with perfect satisfaction that he now surveyed the lady seated by his management in a box of whinbush little fairies. And it was with much irritation that he heard little Maud urge her position to be put in "that lady's class."

Maud was still in her winter's dress, a gown of dark brown stuff, and a hood of dark blue silk.

It is true that the face within that hood was a face of heavenly beauty, and the long, glorious ringlets that hung down to her waist were a richer, rarer mantle than any in the school; but still that wanly nature's adornment, and would not prevent Maud's dark winter garments making a discord in the clouds of white muslin lace and artificial flowers, with which he had taken care to surround Mrs. Pemberton.

So Mr. Ipsey's eyebrows fairly danced a jig while he gazed at the child, and "pooh poohed" her wishes off, and said she must go to Miss Spooner's class.

But Maud's eyes were beseechingly fixed on Mrs. Pemberton, and she said once more:

"Pray, sir, do let me go into Mrs. Pemberton's class, and I will learn so well."

It happened that these words caught Mrs. Pemberton's ear, and she looked up, saw the child, and beckoned Mr. Ipsey. Mr. Ipsey sprang to her bidding like Xyphias to his aim.

"What is it, Mr. Ipsey?" she asked.

"Why, madam, that little troublesome child has taken a fancy to go into your class, and no other. Really, it is very natural that she should feel this preference, which, I fancy, is shared by all the pupils in the school; they would all doubtless prefer the honour of Mrs. Pemberton's invaluable instruction; but really, all cannot have it."

"But since this little one asks it, is it not fair to presume that she alone desires to be in my class? And why may she not come?"

"Madam, your complement is filled up."

"I can take another. I will take her with pleasure, Mr. Ipsey."

"But, madam, really—this little girl—I—" He paused in embarrassment.

Mrs. Pemberton relieved him by saying:

"You are the superintendent of the school, Mr. Ipsey, and if you see a proper cause to refuse my request, I withdraw it, of course, deferring to your position."

"Madam—Mrs. Pemberton—most certainly it is I who am honoured in submitting to your better judgment. I will go and bring the little girl to you," said Mr. Ipsey, dancing back to Maud, to whom he glibly said: "Mrs. Pemberton is so good as to say she will take you, miss."

"Oh, I know she would," said the child to herself, with a look of earnest, deep thanksgiving.

Mr. Ipsey took her hand and led her to the pews. Mrs. Pemberton was bending over a book with one of her pupils.

"Here is your new pupil, madam," said the superintendent.

Mrs. Pemberton lifted up her beautiful countenance and looked upon the little girl.

And the long-severed mother and child were face to face.

Their eyes met. Maud dropped hers as in the presence of some holy angel, and the lady, as she gazed upon the surpassing beauty of the child, felt a thrill pass through her heart. She took the little one by the hand, there was a great comfort in clasping that soft little hand in her own. She drew the child in and placed her beside her. The delicate white muslin shrunk away from the contact of the brown stuff; but the lady looked sweetly down upon

the little girl, and still clasping her small hand, asked, gently:

"What is your name, love?"

"Sylvia Grove," answered the child.

"I remember the name. You are Mrs. O'Donovan's little girl?"

"Yes, ma'am, but not her daughter. My dear mother was lost at sea; but she is as good to me as she can be, and I love her dearly."

The eyes of the lady lingered upon the sweet, grave face of the child. She felt a strange interest in her words. She would fain have asked her:

"Do you remember your lost mother, love?"

Her thought formed the question; but that was not the time and place for conversation irrelevant to the purpose that brought them together.

And, moreover, Mr. Ipey, who had fluttered away to his desk, now fluttered back with Mrs. Pemberton's class register, to which had been added at the bottom of the list the name of Sylvia Grove. He handed the register to the lady, and placed in the hand of Maud a New Testament, a hymn-book, and bowed, and gyrated off in some other direction.

Now, if anybody objects to such fandangoes in the superintendent of a Sunday school, we have to assure such a casiller that it was only a constitutional nervous excitement, purely physical, quite unaffected, and which, we think, he could not help, for we knew Mr. Ipey intimately, and bearing a little too much deference to rank, youth, and beauty, we never knew a better man.

Mrs. Pemberton took the Testament and hymn-book from the hand of Maud, saying:

"You are too late to learn any lessons this morning, love; it is half-past ten o'clock, and they are about to dismiss the school, so I can only set you lessons to be learned for the next Sabbath."

She marked the second chapter of Matthew, and gave it to the little girl, asking:

"Do you think you can commit all this to memory by next Sabbath, love?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I will learn it well by heart for next Sunday."

They said no more then, for at that moment the young minister appeared in front of the rails, before the organ, to close the exercise of the school.

In an instant all were silent. A short exhortation, a prayer, a hymn, and the benediction followed, and then the children were dismissed. The pupils who had neither parents nor guardians with pews below stairs, remained in the gallery under the charge of the superintendent.

Mrs. Pemberton arose to go.

"Have you a seat downstairs, love?" she inquired of Maud, who had lingered behind all her classmates.

"Yes, ma'am. Falconer will take me to it."

"Why do you stop, then, little one?"

"I wanted to stay as long as you did, ma'am."

"Well, I am going now, love, so good-bye," said Mrs. Pemberton, pressing the little hand; but Maud's face was raised to hers with a look of such wistful, trusting love, that the lady stooped and kissed her, once, twice, and again; she could not help it. She pressed the child to her bosom, and then, with slow self-recollection, released her, saying:

"Good-bye, love. You are a sweet, sweet child. I know you are a good child," and dismissed her.

It was well that the lady and the child had been alone, it was well that all the little gosamer girls were gone to their mamma, and that there were none to see and wonder at their fondness, and accuse their teacher of "showing favour."

Maud left the pew with her hands unconsciously folded over her bosom, as if to keep safe some sweet sacred happiness deposited there.

Falconer was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs.

"They have not me in the first Bible class, in Mr. Lovell's own class," he said, and asked: "Don't you think, Sylvia, that our minister is a very hard working man, to preach services on a Sunday, and teach a Bible class besides? What are you thinking of, little chicken? Why don't you answer me?"

"What did you say, Falconer?"

"Don't you think Mr. Lovell a very devoted, hard-working minister, to attend to the church and the Sunday school both?"

"I don't know whether that is hard work or not, but I know he is a good man, and I like him?" said Maud, in a low voice.

This conversation brought them into the church, and as Ellen was not with them, they found a humble seat at the low end of the building.

Maud was in a blessed reverie, the lady's kisses and embraces had made her so happy. It seemed to her as if her dreams were coming true—as if the angel of her visions was embodied before her.

On their walk home she said nothing about it to Falconer. When they reached the cottage she said nothing of it to Ellen. She never meant to name it

to a living soul. An instinctive silence closed her lips. She could not have explained why, but in truth it seemed a joy to be treasured, not talked about.

And all that week all her thoughts were occupied in looking forward to, and preparing for the next Sunday.

In the course of the week Richard Pemberton paid Ellen a visit, to make known to her the important discovery communicated to himself by the bishop. Never in the course of his life, perhaps, had a more painful duty devolved upon the great politician.

But Richard Pemberton discharged it most worthily.

The revelation did not surprise Ellen, it agitated her dreadfully, as allusion to that darkest tragedy ever did.

When Mr. Pemberton had imparted all that he knew of that most deplorable master, Ellen replied:

"We always knew William's innocence, and we always hoped it would be found out. He was a martyr, sir; his death was a ghastly legal murder. Sir, I have heard it taught that a consciousness of innocence would bear one up through persecution and death. I know not how that can be; for it was his consciousness of innocence that made his death so very bitter to him. It was our faith in his innocence that made his death more bitter to us, the gallant sense of injustice was added to all the other suffering. I know not how much guilt may add to sorrow, for I am not in the confidence of guilty breasts."

Richard Pemberton was standing with his fine head uncovered before her. He took her hand respectfully, and said:

"Mrs. O'Donovan, you must look upon me as the executioner of your husband, a young man whom I found ordered for death the day upon which I came into office. With the law and the testimony before me, I could not interfere to save him. How much I regretted my inability then, how much more I regret it now, is known only to Him. We will not talk of the past. 'It comes not back again.' We will talk of the future. Ellen, I desire to make reparation, as far as I can, for what you have suffered. You have a fine boy, will you allow me to educate him, to send him to college, and establish him in business or a profession?"

He paused for an answer.

But Ellen withdrew her hand, covered up her face, and wept.

He waited patiently until she wiped her eyes, when she lifted up her face, and replied:

"Sir, I am disposed to be grateful to you, and to accept your kind offer for my son, but compassion struggles against gratitude, sir. I do not know whether it is right to feel grateful—whether it is right to take any favour from—whether it would not be treason to him who is gone, and whether indeed, your patronage would not be like the high priest's thirty pieces of silver, the price of blood—uncleasing and unblest. Sir, I seldom speak so plainly, but to-day I cannot help it."

"Mrs. O'Donovan, I am neither surprised nor disappressed that you should speak so. I will leave you for the present. When you have had time to reflect, and, above all, to pray, you will probably view this matter with clearer mental vision. And remember that my offer holds good from this time forth. I will bid you good morning."

His noble face was full of sorrow as he pressed her hand, and turned to leave the house.

In the flower garden stood Maud, gathering a bunch of flowers.

The child recognised the great man, and looked up into his majestic, grief-struck countenance, with feelings of blanded wonder, compassion, and awe. In a moment after she stepped up to him, and silently offered her flowers, with a manner simple and child-like, yet profoundly deferential.

He looked down at her, and the cloud slowly passed from his face.

He, a lover of all children, saw in this beautiful countenance something that touched the profoundest depths of his heart.

Notwithstanding the difference in complexion, Maud was what her mother had been when Richard Pemberton first met her on a boat, only Maud was far more beautiful, more heavenly, a sort of little Augusta, idealised, transfigured, made an angel of, or what the spiritual body of little Augusta might have been.

He took her offered flowers with one hand, and laid the other hand benignly on her head, while he gazed into those half-veiled, starry eyes.

Then, with a sudden impulse, he sat down on a rustic seat, and drew her up to his breast.

In the strength of her father's hand, in the gaze of his eyes, she felt, without knowing it, the mighty, the irresistible attraction of nature.

Self-forgetful, she suddenly buried her head in his

bosom, and clasped both arms around his neck, in the strong, vital thrilling clasp of new-born, deathless love.

And to him it was a revelation. Not that he understood it fully, but it was so different from Honoria's formal, lifeless embrace.

This was the real, living, involuntary proof of affection that his heart had hungered for in vain. But he wondered why she gave it.

"It is because I love children so much, and children have an instinctive knowledge of those who sincerely love them," he said to himself.

And most tenderly, when the little girl's arms released their clinging clasp—most tenderly he caressed her, murmuring at intervals:

"What a heart she has! What a loving, loving child! What a simple, loving, truthful heart! Everyone must love her! Does everyone love you, darling?"

He might have sat there an hour, talking to and caressing the child, had not Ellen come out.

"You have a very sweet little girl here, Mrs. O'Donovan," he said, as he gave Maud a parting kiss, set her off his knees, and got up to go.

"It is Sylvia Grove, an orphan, a distant relative of my Willie," said Ellen.

"I hope you will think of the plan I have proposed to you, Mrs. O'Donovan; and I should be glad if you would permit me to be of service to this little girl also," said Mr. Pemberton.

"I will think of it, sir."

"Good morning, madam; good morning, dear little Sylvia," said Richard Pemberton, as he rode away.

"Oh, he took the flowers with him! he took the flowers with him!" murmured Maud, in a low voice to herself.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

Big Len had been very mysteriously busy in his own quarter for three or four evenings in succession. The secret was out upon the fourth morning. It was the day of Richard Pemberton's visit to Silver Creek.

It was a cold morning, and a bright little wood fire was burning on the hearth in Ellen's parlour.

Ellen sat buried in deep, mournful thought; her knitting lay untouched upon her lap.

Maud was bending over her book, that lay on her knee, studying conscientiously, but every now and then looking longingly out into the bright air, where the waters were flowing and gurgling merrily, the trees wavering, the flowers blooming, birds and butterflies glancing about, and every young life but her own sporting in life and liberty.

But Maud conscientiously studied on, until a little noise at the kitchen door behind her caused her to turn around, and she saw old Big Len coming in with something on his head. It was a nice little wicker rocking-chair of his own handy workmanship, which he put down upon the floor with his own quiet smile of pleasure.

Maud fixed her chair in the corner, and wondered why Ellen did not notice it. But Ellen sat buried in reverie.

Presently her lesson was ready, and she took it up to Ellen for recitation.

"What is it, child?" asked the latter, with an air of being painfully drawn from her own thoughts.

"It is my lesson, Ellen."

"I cannot hear you now, child. If you know it go out and amuse yourself. I have a letter to write to Mr. Goodrich, and must be alone to think about it."

Glad of the permission, Maud went and got her hood, and ran out into the sunshine.

It was a bright, fresh spring morning, rather cold for the season, and the child found her old winter frock and hood not uncomfortable. She hovered in the yard a little while among the daffodils, hyacinths, and early roses; but the fine cool, invigorating air of the morning woke the young thing's wilder want of locomotion; she soon started through the little gate, clambered down to the creek's rocky edge, watched the bright-speckled fish dive and glide through the water until she was tired of that amusement; and then she ran along, bounding, dancing, skipping, and sporting with danger as with a wild playmate, until at last she reached the foot of the narrow bridle-path leading to Coverdale Hall.

At this point she stopped, and became for a moment grave and thoughtful. She recognised the path—knew where it led; she was seized with a disposition to walk it, not quite to Coverdale Hall, not six miles from home, she did not intend that; but a strange attraction drew her on to follow, she did not know how far—she followed it.

It led her by a winding path, and then down through the wooded valley—to the broad, beautiful valley where the great forest moaned like the heaving sea, on the far-distant opposite



## [THE REVELATION.]

side of which rose, like a rocky coast, the mountain that enclosed Coverdale Hall, and drawn on and into this forest the lonely child entered, and the trees shut in the path behind her; still she wandered on, now sauntering leisurely, and stopping to gather some sweet wild flower or to watch the flight of some hare or bird startled from its nest, and then bounding, skipping, and dancing along, never meaning to go far, and always intending to turn about and get back in time enough to prevent Ellen from being uneasy.

But what is time or distance to a child running on alone, enjoying herself with other young life on a fine, spring day, and no one to remind her of their existence?

Maud rambled on, she looked up, and there before her, on the narrow footpath, stood a very young lady of imperious looks and manners, who drew her straight figure up to her stately inches and stood still, as if expecting our child to give way. It was totally impossible to pass on that narrow, unsteady, slippery footing, without falling into the mud. One or the other of them would have to make the best of it, and step soberly off the stones into the deep mire, which would be better, certainly, than to fall down by attempting to push on or to turn back. Little Maud, with an instinctive sense of justice, looked down at her own and her opponent's feet, to see who was best provided for such a muddy venture.

The young lady wore nice patent morocco shoes, well defended by elastic overshoes. Maud's little boots were old and leaky; she raised her dove-like eyes appealingly from them to the face of the young lady, to meet there an insolent questioning look as if she would say:

"How dare you keep me waiting?"

Then raising her head arrogantly she said with an evident impression that such an announcement ought to turn our child at once into the mud:

"I am Miss Pemberton!"

"Mrs. Pemberton's little girl!" exclaimed Maud, raising her eyes, full of deep reverence for the name.

Miss Honoria deigned no reply save a haughty bend of the head, and Maud stepped down into the mud to enable her to pass.

But another pair of eyes had seen this play of insolence and love, and they were fixed tenderly and lingeringly upon our little girl as she climbed back upon the footpath.

As Maud regained her footing she raised her eyes and saw on the other side of the road the beautiful

form of Mrs. Pemberton holding her hands out towards her.

Maud hastened, springing toward the lady with the impression that she had found what she had set out that morning to meet.

"Carefully, my child, carefully," said Mrs. Pemberton, as the little girl cleared with two bounds the last intervening distance between them and stood before her.

"I wish you were my little girl, sweet child. But how came you so far from home?"

"I set out for a walk by myself and didn't know how far it was till I got here, lady."

"Why, my child, you surely never started to come to the Hall alone?"

"No, ma'am; I started only for a walk; it was so pleasant that I kept on."

"Did you mean to keep on 'until you got to the Hall, love?'"

"No, ma'am; at least, I don't know. I believe not. I wanted just to go up on the mountain to look down."

"I don't think you quite know where you were going, love. Does Mrs. O'Donovan consent to your long walks?"

"No, lady, and I must hurry back."

"What, having walked five miles to walk back again, making it ten! it would tire you nearly to death, my child. Come, we are taking a ride this fine morning; won't you go with us? We are going first to the new church and then round to Silver Creek to see Mrs. O'Donovan, so we can take you home sooner than you could walk thither. Will you go?"

"Do you mean I am to ride with you, Mrs. Pemberton and that you will take me home?" said Maud with sparkling eyes.

"Yes, love, I should like to do so."

At this moment the carriage came plunging along down the heavy road.

"Be careful, coachman, you are throwing up the mud very near us. Go on as well as you can, take Miss Honoria in again and wait for us," said the lady as the carriage passed.

The driver touched his hat and drove on.

"When we drive over this road in its bad state we always have to get out and walk over this portion of it," said Mrs. Pemberton, in explanation. Then she added: "I wish this footway was wide enough to admit of my leading you, love, but you will have to walk on in front, and I will follow close behind you and prevent your slipping."

"Oh, I never—I mean I walk over all sorts of slippery places, and even make believe to myself that I am slipping for fun, but I never fall."

"I hope you won't do that again, love. We will talk about that presently. Go on before, now, and I will follow."

They crossed the narrow footway cautiously, Mrs. Pemberton keeping a slight hold on Maud's dress to catch her if she should slip, and so they reached the other side, where the carriage was waiting for them. Miss Honoria was already seated in it, the door was open, and the steps were let down to admit Mrs. Pemberton.

"Get in, love," said the lady.

Maud paused, looked at her very muddy shoes and stockings and then at the crimson carpeted steps of the carriage.

"Well, love, why don't you get in? Shall I help you?" said Mrs. Pemberton.

"Oh, ma'am, you didn't see my feet; look at my feet; they are too muddy to go on your nice-looking red steps."

"I should think so," said Miss Honoria from inside the carriage.

But Mrs. Pemberton took the little girl's hand and helped her into the carriage.

Miss Honoria drew herself fastidiously into the corner, gathering her rich dress around her, with a mental sarcasm upon the "comical protege mamma had picked up."

"Don't disturb yourself Honoria, you will not be crowded; the child shall sit by me."

Gentle as was this rebuke, given in soft tones, Honoria loved and feared everybody on earth; if anyone on earth could hold her in check it was Mrs. Pemberton.

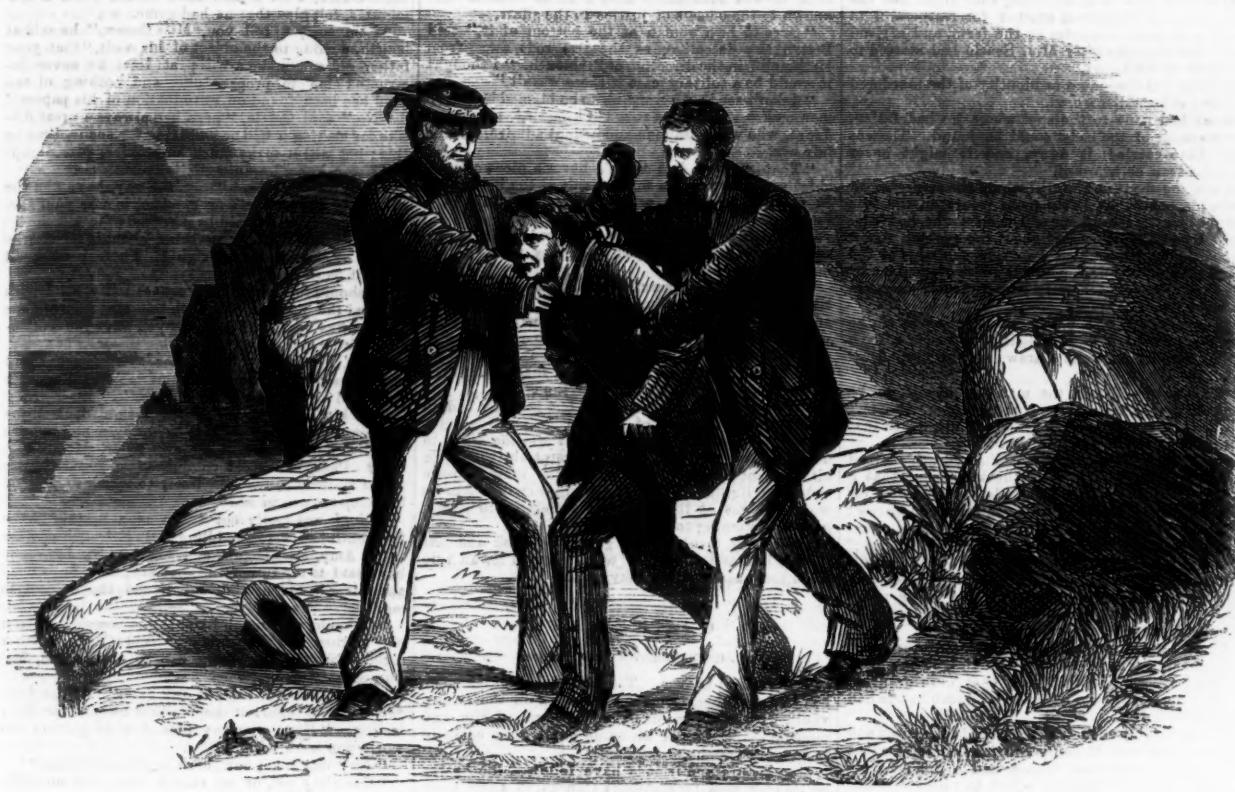
And little Maud kept her offending boots as much as possible to herself, until Mrs. Pemberton kindly laid her hand on the child's head, and observed:

"Never mind, love, your little shoes will hurt nothing, and will dry and rub off; and besides, when we get up the hill we will find a new clean pair."

They had a very pleasant ride. The carriage windows were open, to admit the fresh air and the delightful spring landscape; and in about an hour they reached the village.

Mrs. Pemberton ordered the carriage to stop at the first humble shop, kept by an old maiden lady named Miss Perry.

(To be Continued.)



[CAUGHT IN THE ACT.]

## THE GOLDEN BOWL.

By the Author of "Dan's Treasure," "Clytie Cranbourne," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### ON THE HIGH CLIFFS.

WHEN Godfrey Slocombe left Milly with the intention of walking over to Cennor's Cove to meet the boat which was to be there at eleven o'clock to take him to the Curlew, that lay in Plymouth Sound, he calculated too much on his previous knowledge of the country.

Had the moon been shining, or had it been even a bright starlight night, he could have found his way without much difficulty. But though not densely dark, it was sufficiently so to make the hedges and lanes and roads seem each one like the other to any one not intimately acquainted with them.

More than once he thought he heard footsteps behind him and paused to listen, but he could distinguish nothing with any certainty, and though he would have been glad to meet some one who could have directed him, he walked on rapidly, certain that every step brought him nearer to the sea-shore.

It was a few minutes after ten when he left Milly, and it must have wanted very little to eleven when the surge of the sea breaking against the cliffs fell upon his ear, and by the dim light which his eyes were getting accustomed to he could see that he was on what are called the High Cliffs, fully two hundred feet above the level of the sea, against the base of which the incoming tide was roaring as though in anger at the barrier opposed to it.

He uttered an exclamation of impatience, took out his watch, and lighted a fusee to see its face by, for he was still some distance from the spot he wished to reach.

The temporary light thus obtained threw its reflection on his face, removing any possible doubt as to his identity, and he was about to replace the watch and hurry on his way, for it wanted but five minutes to eleven, when a man seemed to spring out of the darkness, dash the watch from his hand, and clutch his throat in a murderous grip.

Godfrey Slocombe was not a strong man compared

with his antagonist, but he had the advantage of scientific skill, and in a few seconds Jacob Searle had been flung upon the ground, uninjured, it is true, but maddened beyond all control.

He had started from home to commit murder, but there are different ways of accomplishing an object, and the pistol ready loaded was only taken as a last contingency, in case circumstances or his intended victim's strength or friends were too much for him.

Now, with the madness of possible defeat upon him, he drew his pistol and rushed back upon his victim. Nor was Godfrey prepared for him; his watch, a valuable one, and a present from Sir John Carew, had been struck from his hand, and he was groping about on the ground in the hope of recovering it when his assailant again came towards him.

"What do you want? Who are you?" he asked.

But the answer was a flash and report, a whizzing and pricking sensation in the head, a feeling of bewilderment; arms around him, then a jerk as though he were being projected into space, and after that falling down, down down! as though the horror would never end, until the cold water struck and refused to receive him, then closed over his head and swallowed him in its deathly embrace.

It had all been the work of a few seconds; the shot, the lifting of the body, carrying it to the edge of the cliff and flinging it over so that it might fall in the sea that rolled so far down beneath, and Jacob Searle stood and listened, trying to catch the sound of his rival meeting and being engulfed in the water.

But the sound did not reach his ear. The roar of the breakers drowned it; neither did the faint cry which the wounded man rising to the surface uttered; nothing but the monotonous boom, boom of the waves fell upon his ear, and he turned away at last, feeling that his revenge was in some manner unfinished, since he could not witness the dying agonies of the man he both hated and envied.

Half a dozen steps, so that he was clear of the yawning precipice over which fright alone might tempt him to leap, and Jacob Searle was pounced upon and pisioned by two strong men, who flashed their bull's-eyes in his face, and enabled him to see they were coastguardsmen.

"Too late to save the other chap, but we've got this one tight enough," said one of the men to his companion.

Then the farmer knew that his crime had been discovered, and entertaining no hope of escape, resigned himself with sullen silence to circumstances

When questioned as to his name, occupation, the name of his victim, or the motive of his crime, he maintained a sullen silence, until his captors almost thought he must be dumb.

Keeping a firm hold on him, the two men took him to the nearest coastguard station, and from there sent for constables to take charge of their prisoner.

That he had committed murder, they had both seen.

The fusee which Godfrey had lighted first attracted their attention, they not being many yards off; then came the flash of the pistol shot, and before they could reach his side, the murderer had thrown his victim over the cliff.

To try to save the man thus treated never occurred to the minds of the preventive men. They knew the impossibility of such a thing.

Before a boat could reach the spot a dozen men might die, and submerged rocks made it at the best of times and in daylight a dangerous spot to approach.

So Jacob Searle was taken off to Plymouth by the constables, and safely kept under lock and key, though neither name nor address could be got from him.

Indeed he maintained a positive and absolute silence.

Brought up before the stipendiary magistrate the next morning he still preserved the same dogged sullenness, never so much as uttering a word.

The evidence of the two coastguards was taken, and the prisoner was conveyed back to his cell, he believed, unrecognised.

But there he was mistaken.

A farmer, a tenant on the Clovelly estate, recognised him, and went back to his wife, telling her the wonderful news that young farmer Searle was in the lock-up, and would be hanged as sure as daylight.

Of course the news spread. Mrs. Bright had been cautioned by her husband to say nothing about it, but the news was far too great to be confined to one feminine bosom.

As a great secret Mrs. Bright told her sister who was living with them; Miss Manley told Kitty the servant, and Kitty told Joe her lover, after which it was pretty sure to spread far and wide.

Joe did his little possible in the matter. Going to Plymouth the next day he made a point of visiting the prison, getting a view of the prisoner, and giving all the necessary details concerning him.

It was too late to do anything that night, but the next morning detectives started for Nethercliff to search and make inquiries at the farm, and arrived just a few minutes after Mrs. Searle had started to see Milly at the Court.

Neither had the name or identity of the murdered man as yet been discovered.

Boats had gone to the spot where he had fallen, but no trace of the body could be found. The sea must have carried it away, and it might never more be seen or heard of.

Searching about on the cliff where the struggle had taken place brought little more result on the first day, but on the second one of the men who had captured Jacob Searle, beating about the ground, found in some long grass which grew near the edge of the cliff a gold watch, with a small piece of chain still attached. It had evidently been violently detached from the guard.

On opening the case, for it was a hunting watch, he found engraved inside it "Godfrey Slocombe, from his sincere friend John Carew, of Clovelly, April 10th, 18—."

"That's him!" said the man to himself, as he went off to report his discovery; "murder will out," and it's a marvellous dispensation of Providence that lets folks think they can hide it.

The news of Godfrey Slocombe's death spread almost simultaneously with the knowledge that a warrant had been issued for his apprehension for being concerned in the murder of Sir John Carew; and people, wise in their own conceit, talked about retribution; said "the way of transgressors is hard;" "those who use the sword shall perish by the sword," and various other texts which, in a manner scarcely peculiar to themselves, but indulged in by many people, they strained from their original meaning to suit their own crooked and prejudices.

One fact could not be argued away, however great the number of texts of scripture that might be quoted for the purpose, and this was, that even granting Godfrey Slocombe was a murderer, Jacob Searle had no right to kill him.

Uncomfortably enough also for Hilda Kempson and Garston, who were the only two persons besides who could be suspected as having had a hand in the baronet's death. Suspicion, which had been so strong against the secretary, now when he was dead seemed to dwindle away, and questions began to be asked as to what absolute proof there was against him.

Dispassionately sifted, there was absolutely nothing beyond the handkerchief marked with his name that had been found in the study on the day of the inquest—not before—that could be called even circumstantial evidence.

That he had left Sir John Carew's service on good terms with the baronet, the date marked on the watch proved, since he was last seen at Clovelly Court on the 10th of April, and this had evidently been a parting gift.

But here, those who believed in Slocombe's innocence admitted themselves baffled. That a crime had been committed no one could doubt, and murder is one of those things which few people like to accuse another person of without, at any rate, pretty positive proof.

As for Mrs. Searle, she was well nigh frantic by the time she returned to Nethercliff, and here the aspect of affairs was not calculated to calm her, for the farmhouse was in charge of a couple of detectives, who had already made themselves acquainted with the contents of her son's room, and were waiting her return to demand the use of her keys before forcing open one or two chests, in which it was possible some evidence bearing upon the case might be found.

At another time Mrs. Searle would have indignantly resented such an intrusion, but now spirit and temper were crushed out of her, and the feeling uppermost in her mind was hatred towards Milly Bray as the cause of all her misery.

"If she'd only had him, it would never have happened; curse her. A mother's curse fall upon her. My boy! my boy! The prop of my life to be taken from me, and all because of that vile hussy. Coming here to make him mad for her, and then to turn up her nose at him and send him crazy. I know something awful would come of it, he took it to heart so, and I went to beg her to have him; me beg a girl that's in service to marry my son! The time was when I'd have seen him lying dead first. But I'm his mother. I loved him as only a mother can love; my son! my son!" and with grief the poor creature seemed almost frantic.

Even the detectives, accustomed as they were to scenes of pain and agony, were touched and restrained from asking her any questions which should tend still further to criminate her son, but they made up for their consideration by getting all the information they could out of Kitty the servant, who told them not only what she knew, but what she suspected, and

thus it was that Milly Bray's name became first known to the officers of justice in the affair.

"Sure to be a woman at the bottom of it," said Brown the detective, as the two rode away from Nethercliff in the direction of Plymouth. "I thought it would be a solitary case if there wasn't."

"I don't see that a woman's to be blamed because a man makes a fool and a rogue of himself," responded Jones, who was a staunch and ardent admirer of the fair sex.

"That may be, but there's never a plena of mischief or devilry that a woman isn't at the bottom of. It may be her fault or her misfortune, but it's a fact."

At which conclusion Jones despaired, and the discussion was still unfinished when they reached Ply-

mouth. Their visit to Nethercliff had not been unproductive of results. They had found balls, cartridge, and an empty pistol case, which would exactly correspond with the weapon found on the spot where the deadly struggle had taken place, and which had recently been discharged; and beyond this, they had found some possible cause or motive for the crime.

Jones might be unfeigned, but jealousy had not doubted here the cause of the murder, and Inspector Brown being somewhat given in his idle moments to a spicce of romance, determined to hunt out the whole circumstances of the case, bring the most minute details to light, and have the young woman whom he was sure was at the bottom of it held up to public gaze as a warning to her sex.

Poor Milly, troubles were gathering thick and fast around her, and the price to be exacted for an idle flirtation was a terribly heavy one.

## CHAPTER X V.

### HILDA SHOWS HER HAND.

THE funeral is over. The last Carew of Clovelly has taken his place on the stone shelf in the family vault, with his illustrious ancestors around him, and no male descendant of his name shall ever come to keep him company.

Neighbours and friends have followed the hearse on its long ride to Wembury Church, to show their respect for the man who, at such a ripe age, had met with an untimely death.

His daughter sits alone, her eyes tearless, but with a great sorrow and dread in them; and his niece and murderer, afraid to show any signs of exultation, wears a face of becoming woe: crage deep enough for any widow, and orders everything connected with the funeral, as though Clovelly Court had passed into her hands, and she were indeed its owner and mistress.

But the mourners have returned from the funeral. The cold luncheon has been eaten; Mr. Shrapnell, the family solicitor, being the most prominent person present.

The guests at length departed, and then the lawyer sent to ask Miss Carew if she could receive him for a few minutes.

Carrie's reply was in the affirmative.

There was only one person besides the solicitor who had the right to ask to see her this day and try to soothe her sorrow, and he had not done so. True, he had attended the funeral. But Sir Philip Walsingham had come to the reluctant conclusion that it was not too late to withdraw as a suitor for Carrie's hand, and though he was not quite satisfied with his own conduct, a man soon recognises himself to the idea that the love which he had meant, and was accepted in all earnest, could be passed off as a mere idle flirtation.

A woman's pride and dignity helps him in his dis-honourable conduct, and what he would condemn most strongly in another he passes off as almost a matter of course in himself.

So Sir Philip went back to Walsingham Towers without seeking to see the girl who, alone in her misery, was waiting for him, and Mr. Shrapnell was ushered into her presence.

The lawyer was a tall, handsome man, of some three or four and forty, with dark hair, clear, piercing, grey eyes, a large, straight nose, and a mouth which conveyed the idea both of softness and decision. He was a widower, having been left a year after marriage with one little child, a girl, in whom his whole life and happiness seemed centred; and all this had made him gentle and considerate with women, practising in daily life some of the true chivalry which we suppose the knights of old to have shown towards the weaker sex.

There was nothing jarring in Mr. Shrapnell's manner, voice, or appearance; on the contrary, he seemed to soothe and calm the person he was talking to; his sympathy and confidence was implied rather than expressed; and Carrie, who had met him many

times before, after he had been in the room a few minutes, felt glad that he had come.

"I am sorry to tell you, Miss Carew," he said at length, coming to the object of his visit, "that your father did not make a will; at least he never instructed me to prepare one, and nothing of the kind has been found on examination of his papers."

"No," said Carrie, "papa had always a great dislike for making a will or preparing for such a time as this; but will it make much difference, Mr. Shrapnell?"

"Yes," doubtfully. "By the way, have you the certificate of your birth or baptism, in case you age, or right, or claim, should be disputed?"

"No, I don't know anything about it; but who should or can dispute my right? There is no doubt about it, is there?"

"I should think not, but I cannot tell you. I wish we had the papers. Can you tell me where your mother was married? perhaps you have the certificate of that ceremony?"

"No, I have asked papa dozens of times about my mother, but he has always put me off another time, and now he can never tell me."

She bit her lip, her voice trembled, but she suppressed the tears that rose to her eyes and asked:

"Did you know nothing about her, Mr. Shrapnell? Papa had great confidence in you and your father and was much more likely to speak to you on the subject than to me?"

"No, I was really not taken as a partner in the firm, until you were a toddling little girl, such another as my Amy, Miss Carew, and whatever Sir John may have said to my father I cannot say, but he is dead and never in his lifetime mentioned the subject to me."

"I should very much like to know something about my mother and her family," said Carrie, with a sigh. "Surely something can be discovered, Mr. Shrapnell?"

"We will do our best, at any rate," said the lawyer, with an effort at hopefulness he was far from feeling. "Have you any idea of what part of the world you were born in?"

"No; was I not born here, at Clovelly Court?"

"Certainly not, or we should have had no difficulty. Your father had lived abroad for some years, in France, Italy, and about the Continent, and the Court had been occupied only by servants. He returned unexpectedly, bringing you, then about twelve months old, with him. As you know, he was not a communicative man; he simply stated that you were his daughter; that your mother died at your birth, and then, intimating that no further questions need be asked, he settled down to the life of a comparative recluse. It is, as you, doubtless, remember, only during the last few years that the ordinary visits and civilities usual between neighbours have been exchanged between yourselves and the surrounding gentry."

"Yes, now you mention it, I remember. But what could papa wish to hide?"

"Impossible to say; but it is a pity he did not leave some positive instructions; it never shortens a man's life to make his will and keep his affairs in such order that the next hour may be his last."

"Poor papa; he would have done anything to save me pain. But what do you anticipate, Mr. Shrapnell?"

"I don't exactly know. May I hope to be your legal adviser, as I was your father's?"

"Certainly."

"Then I must request that you will take no important step without consulting me. I shall commence inquiries as to where you were born, and where your parents were married, at once."

"You do not think——"

"I would rather not express any opinion, Miss Carew, if you will forgive me for saying so. In what I do in this matter I shall have your interests only in view. You may trust me to do my very best; and I repeat, I hope you will take no important step without, at least, first telling me."

"You may depend upon it; and I leave all things in your hands with confidence."

And Carrie rose and shook hands with the lawyer, who left the room, leaving the task before him anything but a hopeful one.

On his way downstairs a servant met him, with the words:

"If you please, sir, Mrs. Kempson would like to see you before you go."

"Very well; I have something to look at; I will ring when I am ready to go to her, and so saying he went into the comparatively small sitting-room which, on his arrival the day before, the housekeeper had shown him into as his own.

For such a clear-headed man as Willoughby Shrap-

veil, it was a wonder to see him go and sit down by the fire and bend his head towards it, at the imminent risk of a headache, while the workings of his countenance showed him to be in deep thought.

His mind seemed to be definitely made up at last, for he rang the bell, and was a few minutes after conducted to the presence of Hilda Kempson.

"So you are come, Mr. Shrapnell. I have been waiting for you for some time. Has any will been discovered?"

"Not that I am aware of, madam."

"Then Clovelly belongs to me."

"To you, madam! you forget your cousin, Miss Carew."

"My left-handed cousin. You have nothing to prove the contrary, have you?"

"The subject has never been discussed, that I am aware of; if it ever is, we shall, no doubt, be ready to meet it."

"But, Mr. Shrapnell, you must know that my uncle and Carrie's mother were never married."

"Pardon me, I know nothing of the kind."

Hilda Kempson knitted her brows for a few seconds, and remained silent.

She had no desire to tempt or invite a public inquiry into her claims, the action would be too hazardous, at the same time she was resolved, even at great risks, to advance and enforce them, and she was calculating, perhaps, too much from her own point of view, the strength and sharpness of her weapons.

"I can prove what I say," she said at last, somewhat eagerly.

"Indeed!" with an incredulous expression.

"Yes, you shall judge for yourself," and she rose impetuously, took a key from a chain which, sleeping and waking, she wore round her neck, and unlocked a curiously-shaped cabinet which, almost plain on the surface, contained many secret drawers, and took from one of them a letter, soiled and stained as though with age, and having glanced at it, securely locked up the drawers and door again.

The keen eyes of the lawyer noticed that this was not the only paper in the same receptacle, and it struck him that it would be a curious study to turn out the contents of the singular piece of furniture and examine them.

How curious the study really would be his wildest flight of fancy could not arrive at.

Hilda brought the paper towards him, and placed it in his hands.

"Read that!" she said. "It is from Uncle John to my father. You will notice the date."

The lawyer thanked her, and began the study and perusal of the paper.

It was dated "Priory House, Tynemouth, November 10th, 18—." Twenty-two years ago, and began:

"MY DEAR BROTHER.—The greatest misfortune of my life has befallen me. The woman whom I loved before all earthly things has just died, and has left me a child who, through my selfishness, will be nameless. For her benefit, and your own, I am about to make a proposition. You are in debt, will be disgraced, and have to leave the country unless I help you. If you will give me your undertaking in writing, and solemn promise never to claim Clovelly, or throw a doubt upon the legitimacy of my child, I will at once advance you twenty thousand pounds, and give you ten thousand more at the end of the year, which, altogether, will make thirty thousand. Failing to agree to my terms, I shall refuse to give you one sixpence, and shall seize all I possess, and all I can bring from the estate, upon my daughter.

"Yours affectionate brother,

"JOHN CAREW."

Twice, did Mr. Shrapnell read this singular epistle over, than he returned it to Hilda with a disdainful smile.

"I am afraid it isn't worth much, Mrs. Kempson. Some one has evidently been practising on your credulity; such a transaction as this letter refers to would have been illegal, and I will do your father and the late Sir John Carew the credit of believing neither would have been guilty of such an action."

"I am afraid we shall have to dispense with your good opinion, Mr. Shrapnell," retorted Hilda, stung by her failure and the lawyer's remark. "My father took the money, and, had he been living now, would have kept his word. He had no right to sell my birthright, however, and, as the only legal heir, I claim Clovelly Court."

"Yes; I know your father had thirty thousand pounds from his brother soon after the date of that letter," observed the lawyer coolly. "I came across the receipts the other day."

"And did they state the consideration given for it?"

"Not in the precise terms of this letter, certainly," was the scornful reply.

"But you have the receipt?"

"Yes; what other evidence have you that no marriage took place between your uncle and the lady who was the mother of his child?"

"Evidence! Is that not enough?"

"No; I should not like to hang a dog upon it. There are a dozen points in it which I could point out as making it utterly untrustworthy; besides, I am by no means satisfied that it is in Sir John's handwriting."

"You don't suppose that I have had it manufactured, do you?" asked Hilda, hotly.

"I should be sorry to suppose anything so un-gallant. We have some of Sir John's handwriting of that date. Would you like me to take it back with me and compare them?"

"No, thank you. I am quite satisfied; and unless Caroline can prove her mother's marriage, and her own legal claim to my uncle's property, I shall take possession of it and hold it."

"Have you considered that every servant and agent will obey your cousin and not you? That a long and expensive law-suit will have to be fought, and that your chances against us are not worth one to fifty? If you were my client instead of the enemy of my client, I should say, 'don't!'"

"And I should answer, as I do answer, I will; but, Mr. Shrapnell!"—with a discordant laugh—"I have heard every man has his price. What is yours?"

"I am afraid you could not pay it, madam."

"Would not Clovelly buy you?"

"No, nor would fifty Clovellys, and Clovelly is not yours at present to offer, madam. I was about to advise your cousin, since there is no will, to settle some handsome income upon you; but having due regard to what has been said, I cannot conscientiously do so."

"You may save yourself the trouble; I shall have all or none, and you will find, Mr. Shrapnell, that you have taken the losing side."

"Opinions differ, Mrs. Kempson; good morrow," and, as he walked from the room, he muttered to himself: "That letter is a forgery. There were no envelopes in those days, and the letter has neither address, nor post-mark upon it, and no man in his senses would have written such a letter. Still, the address is something: Priory House, Tynemouth, Nov. 10th, 18—. Yes, you may unconsciously have helped us, Mrs. Kempson; but I start for the north to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

#### FASHION AND FOLLY.

BURNS's well-known aspiration that we might see ourselves as we are beheld by our neighbours, and derive wisdom from the melancholy spectacle, must present itself forcibly to such thoughtful members of society as chance to find themselves in a ballroom, and have rather the inclination to observe and moralise than to become themselves whirling members of the giddy throng. Every woman present firmly believes that the dress she has herself adopted is absolutely becoming, however hideous she may declare its style to be when exhibited on the persons of her friends. And certainly the fashions now prevailing are not only somewhat startling to those embarrassed with any remnant of that old-world commodity propriety, but demand a grace and a beauty of figure very far from being general.

Formerly, when a lady was of an generous disposition as to be anxious to expose her charms, to general observation, all she could do was to cut her dress lower than her neighbours were willing to do; but modern enlightenment enables her to progress far beyond this. To say nothing of the fashion that permits her to dispense altogether with sleeves, or the contraction of skirt that impedes the freedom of her movements and defines the shape of her lower limbs as closely as a damp bathing dress, there is an institution known as a "Corset bodice," which, lengthened far below the waist, leaves not an indentation of the female form divine to the imagination.

It really seems the ambition of each fashionable woman to render her dress more like a skin than that of her neighbour, besides exhibiting as large a portion of the form as can be done without the apology for raiment absolutely dropping off.

Of course, to argue against this on the score of decency and propriety would be worse than useless; for such words and all that they imply and entail are absolutely abhorrent to the fast women whose greatest ambition is to look like third-rate actresses; but they may, perhaps, not be impervious to the sugges-

tion that such dressing excites in the men it is designed especially to captivate a feeling very far indeed from admiration.

However, much men may admire actresses and applaud their most daring approach to absolute nudity, there is not one, even of the fastest among them, who likes to see the same style imported into the society of which his mother and sisters are members. He has not yet come to regard those who from their position, even if not from their manners, are supposed to be ladies precisely in the same light as the coryphées of the ballet; and a woman who, while professing to be dressed, stands with every line and every crease of her form distinctly revealed is not to him an attractive object; he would prefer a little of the mystery which it seems the chief endeavour of the women of the day utterly to discard.

Besides this, all follow the fashion like a flock of unreasoning sheep; the woman whose every bone stands out in bold relief cuts her dress as low as does her plump sister, and resembles nothing so much as a carefully-articulated skeleton; the portly matron wears her cuirasses as long and as tight, and ties her skirt round her as closely, as does her slender daughter, imagining fondly, but vainly, that she presents a precisely similar appearance; while all are alike careless of the undoubted fact that the portion of the arm between the elbow and the shoulder is the least beautiful part of that member, being generally too thin or too stout, and not seldom extremely red.

Few things are more unlovely than a thin skinny arm unrelaxed by tulle, or sheltering amenity of any sort, issuing hard and severe from the tiny shoulder-strap that alone withholds the indelicate love cuirass from absolute collapse. A woman who exhibited some great natural beauty might find admirers, even though the admiration might be largely mingled with reprobation; but either the women of the day, blinded by vanity, conceive themselves to be gifted with faultless forms, or they have read, without comprehending, the story of Phryne, and believe the fascination to have lain in the exposure rather than in the rare and startling beauty disclosed.

#### SMALL INDUSTRIES.

EVERY now and then we read an account of how ranch work a certain man or woman has accomplished by utilising odd moments. "An hour wasted at odd times every day," says a ready reckoner, "is a month wasted in a year. Think how much you could accomplish in a month!" It never seems to occur to this class of people that there are times when it is wise to be idle—when the over-taxed energies need leisure for recuperation.

There are studies which it is not worth a man's while to take up, pursuits which it is not worth his while to follow, minutes and hours which it is not worth while to fill with an occupation. No doubt we have our peculiar notions on this head. It does not seem to us worth while to read at dinner time or out of doors, or to set one's self to learn a language in recurring spare moments; these acts come under the same category of virtue with the old housewife's economy of time which makes her sit up in bed and knit stockings in the dark, or rethread her needle, at infinite expense of time and eyesight, to save an inch of cotton.

If a man has one settled occupation which absorbs his best thoughts, it is not worth his while to fritter away his time by attention to small industries which amount to little. We are not believers in the Jacks of all trades, nor have much faith in the achievements done in odd minutes. We believe there is usually more loss than gain by them, and that manners and conversation both suffer where there is this trick of thinking it worth while to pull out some implement of labour—pen, pencil, or needle—at times when other people are content to seem unemployed, and are only busy in being agreeable and placing themselves at the service of their company.

The man or woman who is always busy in a small way is not apt to be a deep thinker. Nothing ministers so much to impatience as these habits. It is an evidence of thorough self-mastery when a man who knows how to use time has the sense to recognise when time is not worth using in any definite, ostensible way, and is content to rest awhile.

SEEK for an established judgment. Some persons are so unsettled that every wind blows them down, like loose tiles from the house-top.

THE  
FORREST HOUSE;  
OR,  
EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

CHAPTER I.

TWO LETTERS.

The first, a small half-sheet, enclosed in a large, thick envelope, and addressed in a childish, unformed hand to Mr. James Everard Forrest, Junior, Ellicotville, Berkshire County, with a request in the lower left-hand corner for the postmaster to forward immediately; the second, a dainty little perfumed missive, with a fanciful monogram, directed in a plain, round hand to J. Everard Forrest, Esq., Ellicotville, with the words "In haste" written in the corner.

Both letters were in a hurry, and both found their way together to their owner, a brown-haired, brown-eyed, brown-faced young man, who sat under the shadow of the big maple-tree on the Common in Ellicotville, lazily puffing his cigar and fanning himself with his Panama hat, for the thermometer was ninety in the shade, and the hour 10 A. M. of a sultry July day.

At first it was almost too much exertion even to break the seals, and for a moment J. Everard Forrest, Junr., toyed with the smaller envelope of the two, the one whose delicate perfumery he knew so well, and which quickened his pulse a little and brought a deeper glow to his cheek.

"I may as well see what Josy wants of me in haste," he said at last, and breaking the seal, he read:

"Holburton, July 18.

"MY DEAR NED,—You must not wait till Wednesday, but come to-morrow by the four o'clock train. I want you particularly. Everything has gone at sixes and sevens, for just at the very last Mrs. Murdock, who has been dying for twenty years or more must really die, and, of course, the Murdock boys can't set, so you must take the character of the bridegroom in the play where I am bride. You will have very little to say. You can learn it all in fifteen minutes, but you must come to-morrow so as to rehearse with us once at least. Now, don't you dare fail. I shall meet you at the station.

"Yours lovingly,

"JOSEPHINE FLEMING."

"P.S.—Do you remember I wrote you in my last of a stranger, a Dr. Matthewson, who has been in town a few days stopping at the hotel? He has consented to be the priest on condition that you are the bridegroom. I do not know why he insists upon that point, but he does; so do not fail me.

"Again, with love,

"JON."

"And so this is my lady's great haste," the young man said, as he finished reading the letter. "She wants me for her bridegroom. I rather think I knew that before, and I don't know but I'm willing, so I guess I'll have to go; and now for Rosalie's interesting document, which must be 'forwarded immediately.' I only wish it may prove to have money in it from the governor, for I am getting rather low."

So saying he took the other letter and studied it carefully, while a smile broke over his face as he continued:

"Upon my word, Rosalie did not mean this to go astray, and has written everything out in full, even to Junior. Good for her. Wonder why she didn't take a larger envelope; but then, she needed all this space, and has filled it, too; and how crooked; why that junior stands at an angle of several degrees above the Mr. Rosalie ought to do better. She must be nearly thirteen; but then, she's a nice little girl, and I'll see what she says."

What she said was as follows:

"Forrest House, July 14th.

"MR. EVERARD FORREST:

"DEAR SIR.—Nobody knows I am writing this to you, but your mother has been worse for a few days, and keeps talking about you even in her sleep. She did not say send for you, but I thought if you knew how bad she was, you would, perhaps, come home for a part of your vacation. It will do her so much good to see you. I am very well and your father, too. So no more at present.

"Yours respectfully,

"ROSAMOND HASTINGS."

"P.S.—Miss Beatrice Belknap has come home from London, and had the typhoid fever, and lost every speck of her beautiful hair. You don't know how funny she looks! She offered me ten pounds for mine to make her a wig, because it waves naturally, and is just her colour, but I would not sell it for the world; would you? Enclosed find two pounds of my very own money, which I send you to come home with, thinking you might need it. Do not fail to come, will you?"

"ROSAMOND."

Everard read this letter twice, and smoothed out the crisp two-pound note, which was carefully wrapped in a separate bit of paper. It was not the first time he had received money in his sore need from the girl, for in a blank-book, which he always carried in his pocket, were several entries, as follows: "Jan. 2, from Rosamond Hastings, one pound; March 4th, 8s.; June 8th, 4s., and so on until the whole amount was more than £4; but never before had she sent him so large a sum as now, and there was a moisture in his eyes, and his breath came heavily as he put it away in his purse, and said:

"There never was so unselfish a creature as Rosalie Hastings. She is always thinking of somebody else. And I am a mean, contemptible dog to take her money as I do; but then, I honestly mean to pay her back tenfold when I have something of my own."

Thus reassuring himself, he put his purse in his pocket, and glancing again at Rosalie's letter, his eye fell upon Miss Belknap's name, and he laughed aloud as he said:

"Poor bald Bee Belknap. She must look comical. I can imagine how it hurts her pride. Buy Rosalie's hair, indeed! I should think not when her hair is her only beauty, if I except her eyes, which at present are too large for her thin face; but that will fill and round out in time, and Rosalie may be a beauty yet, though not like Josy; no, never like Josy."

And that brought the young man back to Miss Fleming's letter, and its imperative request. Could he comply with it now? Ought he not to go at once to the sick mother, who was missing him so sadly, and who had made all the happiness he had ever known at home?

Duty said yes, but inclination drew him to Holburton and the fair Josephine, with whom he believed himself to be and with whom he was, perhaps, as much in love as any young man of twenty well can be. Perhaps Rosalie had been unduly alarmed; at all events, if his mother were so very sick, and was wanting him badly, his father would write, of course, and on the whole he believed he should go to Holburton by the afternoon train, and then, perhaps, go home.

And so the die was cast, the young man little dreaming as he walked to the telegraph office and sent across the wires to Miss Josephine Fleming the three words: "I will come," how that decision was to influence his whole future life, and involve him in a net-work of difficulties which it would take many years to overcome.

CHAPTER II.

DR. MATTHEWSON.

THE train from Ellicotville was late that afternoon. In fact its habit was to be late, but on this particular day it was more than usually behind time, and the one station which Holburton boasted had waited more than half an hour at the little station of the out-of-the-way town which lies nestled among the Berkshire hills.

The day was hot even for midsummer, and two fat, motherly matrons who sat in the depot, alternately inveighed against the heat and wiped their glowing faces, while they watched and discussed the young lady who, on the platform outside, was walking up and down, seemingly wholly unconscious of their espionage.

But it was only seeming, for she knew perfectly well that she was an object of curiosity and criticism, and more than once she paused in her walk and turning squarely round faced the two old ladies in order to give them a better view and let them see how many tucks, and ruffles, and puffs there were in her new dress, worn that day for the first time and made by sister Agnes with a patience and weariness which only that most patient of all old maid sisters could endure.

And a very pretty picture Josephine Fleming made standing there in the sunshine looking so artless and innocent as if no thought of herself had ever entered her mind.

She was a pink-and-white blonde, with masses of golden hair rippling back from her forehead, and those dreamy blue eyes, of which poets sing and which have in them a marvellous power to sway the

sterner sex just by that pleading, confiding expression, which moves a man so soon and makes him very tender towards the helpless creature appealing so innocently to him for his protection.

Josephine is not my heroine, though without her the story would be nothing, and I will say to my reader just here that I do not like her.

You will not like her, though they admitted that she was very beautiful and stylish in her blue muslin and white chip hat with the long feather drooping low behind, too pretty by far and too much of the fine lady about her for a daughter of the widow Roxie Fleming, who lived in the low, brown house on the common, and sewed for a living when she had no boarders from the city.

And then, as the best of women will sometimes do, they picked the girl to pieces and talked of the scandalous way she had of flirting with every man in town, of her airs and indolence, which they called laziness, and wondered if it were true that poor old Agnes, her half-sister, made the young lady's bed, and mended her clothes, and waited upon her generally, as if she were a princess, and toiled, and worked, and went without herself, that Josy might be clothed in dainty apparel, unbecoming to one in her rank of life.

And then they wondered next if it were true, as had been rumoured, that she was engaged to that young Forrest, from Amherst College, who had boarded at the brown house for a few weeks the previous summer, and been there so often since.

"A well-mannered chap as you would wish to see," one of them said, "with a civil word for high and low, and a face of which any mother might be proud; only—" and here the speaker lowered her voice as she continued: "Only he does look a little fast, for no decent behaved boy of twenty ought to have such tired, fagged look as he has, and they do say there were some great carousins at the Widdes Fleming's last summer, which lasted up to midnight, and wine was carried in by Agnes and hot coffee made as late as eleven, and if you'll believe it"—here the voice was whisper—"they had a pack of cards, for Miss Murdock saw them with her own eyes, and young Forrest handled them as if used to the business."

"Cards! That settles it!" was repeated by the second woman, with a shake of the head which seemed to indicate that she knew all she cared to know of Everard Forrest, but her friend, who was evidently better posted in the gossip of the town, went on to add that "people said that young Forrest was an only son, and that his father was very rich, and lived in a fine old place somewhere and was a copperhead, and very close and proud, and kept black servants, and would not like it at all if he knew how his son was flirting with Josephine Fleming.

Then they talked of the expected entertainment at the Village Hall the following night, tableaux, chrades, and a play, the proceeds of which were toward buying a fire-engine which the people greatly needed.

And Josephine had pushed and managed to tell that she was to figure in most everything, and they presumed she was now waiting for some chap to come by the train.

And for once they were right in their conjecture. She was waiting for Everard Forrest, and when the tardy train came in forty-five minutes behind its time, he stepped upon the platform looking so fresh, and cool, and handsome in his white linen suit that the ladies almost forgave Josephine for the gushing manner with which she greeted him, and carried him off toward home.

She was so glad to see him, and her eyes looked at him so softly and tenderly, and she had so much to tell him, and was so excited with it all, and the brown house overgrown with hop-vines was so cool and pleasant, and Agnes had such a tempting little supper laid out for him in the back piazza that Everard felt supremely happy and content, and once when nobody was looking on, kissed the blue-eyed girl dallying so joyously around him and talking him nearly blind.

"I say, Josy," he said, when the tea-things had been removed, and he was lounging in his usual lazy attitude upon the door-step and smoking his cigar, "it's a heap nicer here than down in that hot, close hall. Let's not go to the rehearsal. I'd rather stay home."

"But you can't do it. You must go," Josephine replied. "You must rehearse and learn your part, though for to-night it doesn't matter. You can go through the marriage ceremony well enough, can't you?"

"Of course I can, and can say, 'I, Everard, take thee, Josy, to be my lawful wife,' and by Jove, I wouldn't care if it was genuine. Suppose we get a priest, and make a genuine thing of it, I am willing if you are.

There was a very pretty blush on Jossey's cheek, as she replied:

"What nonsense you are talking, and you not yet through college; but her manner was still more excited as she hurried him off to the hall, where the rehearsal was to take place.

Here an unforeseen difficulty presented itself. Dr. Mathewson was not forthcoming in his character as priest. He had gone out of town, and had not yet returned; so another took his place in the marriage scene, where Everard was the bridegroom and Josephine the bride.

The play was called "The Mock Marriage," where two young people, without intending it at all, find themselves tied for life. It would be very effective with the full glamour of lights, and dress, and people on the ensuing night; and Josephine, who seemed to be head and front of it all, declared herself satisfied with the rehearsal, and sanguine of success, especially as Dr. Mathewson appeared at the last moment, apologising for his tardiness, and assuring her of his intention to be present the next evening.

He was a tall, powerfully-built man of thirty or thereabouts, and many would call him handsome, though to a close observer of the human face and its index to character, there was a cruel, crafty look in his eyes, and in the smile which habitually played about his mouth.

Still he was very gentlemanly and courteous in his manner, and fascinating in his conversation, for he had travelled much, and seen everything, and spoke both German and French as readily as his mother tongue.

With Miss Fleming he seemed to be on the most intimate terms, though this intimacy only dated from the time when she pleaded with him so prettily and successfully to take the place of the priest in "The Mock Marriage," where John Murdoch was to have officiated.

At first the doctor had objected, saying gallantly that he preferred to be the bridegroom, and asking who that favoured individual was to be.

"Mr. Forrest—Mr. Everard Forrest, from Rothsay," Josephine replied, with a conscious blush, which told much to the experienced man of the world.

"Forrest! Everard Forrest!" the doctor repeated thoughtfully, and the smile about his mouth was more perceptible. "Seems to me I have heard that name before. Where did you say he lived, and where is he now?"

Josephine replied again that Mr. Forrest's home was in Rothsay, at a grand old place called Forrest House; that he was a student at Amherst, and was spending his summer vacation with a friend in Ellingtonville.

"Yes, I understand, and comes frequently to Holburton to see the Lady Fleming," the doctor rejoined, adding, after a moment's pause: "I'll be the priest, but suppose I had the power to marry you in earnest, what then?"

"Oh, you wouldn't. You must not. Everard is not yet through college, and it would be so very dreadful—and romantic, too," the girl said, as she looked searchingly into the dark eyes confronting hers so steadily, as if to read her inmost thoughts.

Up to that time Dr. Mathewson had paid but little heed to Josephine Fleming, except, indeed, to note her exceeding beauty as a golden-haired blonde.

With his knowledge of the world and ready discernment he had discovered that whatever position Josephine held in Holburton was due to her beauty, and piquancy, and firm resolve to be noticed, rather than to any boasted blood, or money, or culture.

She was not a lady, he knew, the first time he saw her in the little church, and, attracted by her face, watched her through the service, while she whispered, and laughed, and passed notes to the young men in front of her.

Without any respect himself for religion or the church, he still despised irreverence in others, and formed a tolerably accurate estimate of Josephine and her companions.

After her interview with him, however, he became greatly interested in everything pertaining to her, and by a little adroit questioning learned all there was to be known of her, and, as is usual in such cases, more too.

Her mother was quite poor, and had the reputation of being crafty and designing, and very ambitious for her daughter's future.

That she took in sewing and kept boarders was nothing to her detriment in a village, where the people believed in honest labour, but that she traded on her daughter's charms, and brought her up in utter idleness, while Agnes, the child of her husband's first marriage, was made a very drudge and slave to the young beauty, was urged against her as a serious wrong, and, except as the keeper of a boarding-house, in which capacity she excelled, the

Widow Fleming was not very highly esteemed in Holburton, or her daughter Josephine either.

All this Dr. Mathewson learned, and more; for he was told of young Forrest, a mere boy, two years younger than Jossey, who had stopped with Mrs. Fleming a few weeks the previous summer, and for whom both Jossey and the mother had, to use the landlady's words, "made a dead set, and succeeded, too, it would seem, for rumour said the young people were engaged, and it looked like it to hear the carryings on there were at Widow Fleming's, quite up to midnight when the chap was in town. If they were not engaged they ought to be, though it was too bad for the boy, and somebody ought to tell his father."

Such was in substance the story told by the hostess of the Eagle to Dr. Mathewson, who smiled serenely as he heard it, and stroked his silken moustache thoughtfully, and then went down to call upon Miss Fleming, and judge for himself how well she was fitted to be the mistress of Forrest House.

When Everard came and was introduced to him after the rehearsal, there was a singular expression in the eyes which scanned the young man so curiously; but the doctor's manners were perfect, and never had Everard been treated with more deference and respect than by this handsome stranger, who called upon him at Mrs. Fleming's early in the morning, and in the course of an hour established himself on such terms of intimacy with the young man that he learned more of his family history than Josephine herself knew after an acquaintance of more than a year.

Everard never could explain to himself how he was led on, naturally and easily, to tell of his home in Rothsay, the grand old place of which he would be heir, as he was the only child.

He did not know how much his father was worth, he said, as his fortune was estimated at various sums, but probably half a million, though it didn't do him much good, for the governor was close, and insisted upon knowing how every penny was spent. Consequently Everard, who was undeniably fast and expensive in his habits, was, as he expressed it, always hard up, and if his mother, whom he seemed to idolise, did not occasionally send him something unknown to his father, he would be in desperate straits, for a fellow in college with the reputation of being rich must have money.

Here Everard thought of Rosamond and the sums she had sent him, but he could not speak of that to this stranger, who sat smiling so sweetly upon him, and leading him on step by step until at last Rosamond's name did drop from his lips, and was quickly caught up by Dr. Mathewson.

"Rosie!" he repeated, in his low, purring tone, for I can liken the doctor's voice to nothing better than the soft purring of a cat; "Rosie! Who is she? Have you a sister?"

"Oh, no, I told you I was the only child. Rosie is Rosamond Hastings, a little girl whose mother was my mother's most intimate friend. They were school-girls together, where mother was born, and pledged themselves to stand by each other should either ever come to grief as Mrs. Hastings did."

"Married unhappily, perhaps?" the doctor suggested, and Everard replied:

"Yes; married a man much older than herself, who abused her so shamefully that she left him at last, and sought refuge with my mother. Fortunately this Hastings died soon after, so she was freed from him; but she had another terror in the shape of his son, the child of a former marriage, who annoyed her dreadfully."

"How could he?" the doctor asked, and Everard replied:

"I hardly know how, only that he did. I believe, though, it was about some house or piece of land of which Mrs. Hastings held the deed for Rosie, and this John thought he ought to share in at least, and seemed to think it a fortune, when in fact it proved to be worth only four hundred pounds, which is all Rosamond has of her own."

"Perhaps he did not know how little there was, and thought it unjust for this half-sister to have all his father left, and he nothing," the doctor said, and it never once occurred to Everard to wonder how he knew that Mr. Hastings left all to his daughter and nothing to his son.

He was wholly unsuspecting, and went on:

"Possibly; at all events he worried his stepmother into hysterics by coming there one day and demanding first the deed or will, and second his sister, whom he said his father gave to his charge. But I settled him!"

"Yes?" the doctor said, interrogatively, and Everard continued:

"Father was gone, and this wretch, who must have been in liquor, was bullying my mother, and declaring he would go to the room where Mrs. Hastings was fainting for fear of him, when I came in from riding, and just bade him begone; and when

he said to me sneeringly, 'Oh, little David, what do you think you can do with the giant, you have no sling? I hit him a cut with my riding-whip which made him wince with pain, and I followed up the blows till he left the house vowing vengeance on me for the insult offered him."

"And since then?" the doctor asked.

"Since then I have never seen him. After Mrs. Hastings died he wrote an impudent letter to father, asking the guardianship of his sister, but we had promised her mother solemnly never to let her fall into his hands or under his influence, and father wrote him such a letter as settled him; at least we have never heard from him since, and that is eight years ago."

"Hastings was his name, you say. I know people of that name. How did he look?" the doctor asked, and Everard replied:

"I can tell, for it was dark and in winter, and he all muffled up, so I should not know him now at all. I only remember that he was tall and heavily built, and compared with myself, a stripling then, he did seem a Goliath; but I let him know I had some strength in my boyish arm," and Everard laughed complacently as he recalled the scene of a mere boy turning a strong, powerful man from the door.

The doctor laughed, too, or rather the smile about his mouth deepened a little as he said:

"And you have no fear of this man, that he may yet be revenged? People like him do not usually take cowbirds quietly."

"No, I've no fear of him, for what can he do to me? Besides, I should not wonder if he were dead. We have never heard of him since that letter to father," was Everard's reply, and after a moment his companion continued:

"And this girl—Rosie, you call her—is she pretty and bright, and how old is she now?"

"Rosie must be thirteen, and is bright as a guinea, but not much of a scholar. I'm afraid she's a bit of a romp, and likes better to chase butterflies and play with the dogs—we have four—than to study her book," Everard said, adding: "But she is the very nicest girl in the world, the most generous and unselfish. She'd give away her head if she thought you wanted it; and that scamp of a brother could get her four hundred easily if he could see her, and she could give it away. She believes everybody as good as herself, and we have never told her how mean he is. As to being pretty, she is too thin for that, but she has splendid eyes, large and brilliant, and black as midnight, and what is peculiar for such eyes, her hair, which ripples all over her head, is a rich chestnut brown, with tinge of gold upon it when seen in the subject. Her hair is her great beauty, and I should not be surprised if she grows to be a handsome woman."

"Yes, that type of girls often do. Excuse me, Mr. Forrest," and the doctor spoke very respectfully—nay, deferentially, "excuse me if I appear too familiar. We have talked together so freely that you do not seem a stranger, and friendships, you know, are not always measured by time."

Everard bowed, and, foolish boy that he was, felt flattered by this giant of a man, who went on to say:

"Possibly this little Rosie may some day be the daughter of the house in earnest."

"How? What do you mean? that my father will adopt her regularly?" Everard asked, as he lifted his clear, honest eyes inquiringly to the face of his companion, who, finding that in dealing with a frank, open nature like Everard's he must speak out plain, replied:

"I mean, perhaps you will marry her."

"I marry Rosie! Absurd! Why, I would as soon think of marrying my sister," and Everard laughed merrily at the idea.

"Such a thing is possible," returned the doctor, "though your father might object on the score of family, if that brother is such a scamp. I imagine he is rather proud; your father, I mean—not that brother."

"Rosie's family is well enough for anything I know to the contrary," said Everard. "Father would not object to that, though he is proud, and also mother, they think this aristocratic blood of the bluest dye, and both would think the Queen of England honoured to marry a daughter to their son. Nothing would put father in such a passion as for me to make what he thought a mésalliance."

"Yes, I see, and yet—"

The doctor did not finish the sentence, but looked instead down into the garden where Josephine was sitting among the flowers, herself the fairest of them all to look upon, and knowing it, too, as was plain from the many graceful and pretty attitudes she assumed, always within the range of the vision of the two men watching her.

"Miss Fleming is a very beautiful girl," the doctor said, at last, and Everard responded

heartily: "Yes, the handsomest that I ever saw." "And rumour says you two are very fond of each other," was the doctor's next remark, which brought a blush like that of a young girl to Everard's cheek, but elicited no reply, for there was beginning to dawn upon his mind a suspicion that his inmost secrets were being wrung from him by this smooth-tongued stranger, who, quick to detect every fluctuation of thought and feeling in another, saw he had gone far enough, and having learned all he cared particularly to know, he arose to go, and after a good-morning to Everard and a few soft speeches to Josephine, who came dancing up to him with her hands full of flowers, he walked away and left the pair alone.

(To be Continued.)

### IN DEBT.

PERHAPS nothing is more trying to an honest, conscientious young man than to be in debt without the means of paying. He started in business, it may be, with fair prospects, but by some untoward circumstance failed in his projects and became involved. There are many such men who would gladly become square with the world if it were in their power—but with little business and families on their hands it is next to impossible for the present.

With a little assistance from others, and by practising the strictest economy, they will eventually cancel every debt. We would, therefore, say to those involved, be not discouraged. It is hard to be thus situated, we know, but if you continue your efforts and are determined to be just and honest, you will ere long be able to do business in your own name.

We can point to many individuals who have failed in business in years past and given up all their property, who are now in a fair way to become independent. Never mourn over a mishap. It is only by hard knocks that you will learn how to trade and succeed.

We would not give a fig for the man who never saw misfortune—whose sky has always been unclouded. He knows not how to appreciate the blessings of life, or feel for the unfortunate. Give us the men who have failed and succeeded, who have been flat on their backs and struggled on and up, till they have made themselves independent. These are the characters for us.

### EVE WILTON.

Eve had promised him that she would mend the lining of his new overcoat if he would wear another and leave that at home. And so, as he had left it, she took it from the hall-rack and carried it into her sewing-room.

She was Mrs. Wilton, and she had been married five years, and never—never during that time had had one unhappy moment. Mr. Wilton had been very attentive, very kind, and very generous, and never made her jealous. She often said she was the happiest woman living.

Now, as she looked at the lining and compared the silk with which she was about to replace the torn portion, she was thinking these thoughts.

They had never had any children, but when people are all in all to each other that is no very great grief. All her care was for him—all his for her.

"And he is just the dearest, best, truest fellow in the world," said Eve Wilton to herself. "I'm not half good enough for him. I wonder what this is in his pocket—it bulges it all out of shape."

She put her hand into the breast pocket as she spoke and drew out a little package wrapped up in silver paper, and tied with blue ribbon.

"Something he has bought for me, I expect," said Eve. "I wonder what it is. I think I won't open it until he comes home."

Then she laid the silk across the hole and cut it out, and basted it down.

"I wonder what it is," said she. "Tom did mean to get me an opera-glass, I know, but that is not the shape of the parcel. It doesn't seem like a book. It might be lace wound on a card—real lace."

She looked at the package again.

"I do wonder what it is," she said, and hemmed the patch down.

"There wasn't much to mend, after all," she said. "I thought the tear much longer. He caught it on

a nail in the office, I know. Now, I do wonder what there is in that package."

Eve put the coat over a chair and took up the little package.

"Tom wouldn't mind," she said. "I will just take a peep. I'm sure it is for me."

Then she undid the ribbon, unrolled the paper, and saw letters.

"Dear Tom," said she, "he must keep my old letters next his heart, and he never has told me."

But the writing was not hers; she saw that at a glance.

"His mother's letters," she said. "He loved his mother so."

Then she began to tremble a little, for the letters did not begin "My Dear Son," nor anything like it.

She cast her eyes over them. They were love-letters.

"Tom has loved some other woman before he met me," she said, beginning to cry. "What shall I do?"

Then she cried out:

"Oh, foolish, foolish creature that I am! Of course she died, and he only loves me now. It was all over before we met. I must not mind—" but there she paused, gave a scream, and threw the letter from her as though it had been a serpent and had bitten her.

It was dated the past week. It was not yet four days old.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Eve. "Oh, what shall I do? Oh, where shall I go?"

At every cry a thought pierced her breast like an actual stab.

"Tom, my Tom! What shall I do? Tom! Tom! He to be false—Tom! Oh, I have gone mad! No, there they are! They are really there, those letters! Why do I not die? Why do I not die? Do people live through such things as these?"

Then she knelt down on the floor and gathered up the letters, and steadily read them through. There were ten of them.

Such love-letters! No other interpretation could be put upon them. They were absurd love-letters, such as are always produced in court in cases of breach of promise. And they called him "Poppy Woppy," and "Darling Parfley," and "Lovey Dovey," and "Own Sweetness," and "Angel of my Soul," and they were all signed:

"Your own Nellie."

"It is all true," said poor Eve, wringing her hands. "And it is worse than anything I ever heard of. I trusted him so. I believed in him so. My Tom—mine!"

Then she wiped her eyes, gathered up the letters, packed them up, wrapped the silver paper round them, tied the blue ribbon, put them back in the awful breast-pocket of that dreadful overcoat, and hung it on the hall-rack again.

"Tom shall never know," she said. "I'll not reproach him. I will never see him again; when he comes home I shall be dead. I will not live to let him this."

Then she sat down to think over the best means of suicide. She could hang herself to the chandelier with a window-blind cord, but then she would be black and hideous. She could drown herself, but then her body would go floating, floating down the river to the sea, and drowned people looked even worse than strangled ones. She was too much afraid of fire-arms to shoot herself even in this strait. She would take poison.

Yes, that would be best, and though she would never see Tom again, he would see her, and remorse would sting him. Here she made a great mistake.

A man who is coolly treacherous to women never has any remorse.

Remorse in love affairs is a purely feminine quality, and even the worst of our sex are not without it. However, it is natural to believe that remorse is impossible to a man whom one has heretofore believed to be an angel in human form, and Eve took a little miserable comfort in the thought that Tom would kneel beside her coffin and burst into tears and passionate exclamations of regret, which she, perhaps, might see from some spiritual post of observation.

So having put on a hat and a thick veil, Eve betook herself down the street and around the corner, to the nearest druggist's.

The druggist was an old man, a benevolent-looking one, with red cheeks and a smiling mouth, and when she asked for "poison for rats," he said, "So," and beamed mildly upon her.

"I want it very strong," said Eve.

"So," said the druggist.

"But not to give more pain than is necessary," said Eve.

"To the rats?" asked the druggist.

"Yes," said Eve, "of course, and it must be quick, and not make one black in the face."

"So," said the druggist, slowly. "Well, what I shall give you shall not make do rat black in the face."

Add with a grave countenance he compounded a powder and handed it across the counter.

Eve took it, paid the few pence he asked, and walked away.

Once home she went at once to her room and undressed herself, and retired to bed, taking the powder with her. Once or twice she tasted it with the tip of her tongue, hoping it was not very disagreeable. Then, finding it sweet, she bravely swallowed it.

"It is over," she said. "Oh, Heaven forgive me and forgive Tom."

And then she laid herself down upon her pillow. Just as she did so the familiar sound of a latch-key in the door below started her. Tom never came home—but there he was now; no one else but Tom would walk in, in that cool way, and now he was calling her.

"Eve—Eve—Eve—where are you?"

Never before had she refused to answer that voice. Why had he come to torture her dying moments? Hark—

Now he was bouncing upstairs. He was in the room.

"What is the matter? Are you ill, Eve?" cried he.

"No, only tired," she said faintly.

"Ah, you look tired, little one," said he. "I came home to get the overcoat. I suppose you've found out by this time that that in the hall is not mine. I wore Johnson's overcoat home from the office last night by mistake, and he is anxious about it. He asked me if there was anyone in the house who would be likely to meddle with papers or anything in the pockets. I said no, decidedly no—I hadn't a jealous wife—oh? What's the matter, Eve?"

"Oh, Tom!" cried Eve hysterically. "Oh, say it again! Not your coat! Oh, Tom, kiss me."

"Why, what is the matter, Eve?" cried Tom. "You must be ill."

Then Eve remembered all.

"Oh, I am a wicked woman, Tom!" she cried. "There were letters in the pocket—love letters. I read them. I thought you were false to me. I took poison, Tom. I'm going to die, and I long to live so. Oh, Tom, save me!"

"Yes, yes!" cried Tom. "Oh, good heavens! What poison?"

"Mr. Hoffman will know. I bought it of him. Perhaps he can save me!" cried Eve.

And away went Tom, as white as death, to the chemist's.

He burst into the shop like a whirlwind.

"The lady," he gasped. "The lady who bought poison here an hour ago! She took it by mistake! Can you save her? Have you an antidote? She is dying!"

"No, no!" said the old German. "Be calm—be at rest. No, no! she cannot die of that. When a lady asks me for poison that will not turn a rat black in the face I say to myself so: 'I shall be nothing' and I gives her in the paper about a little sugar and something. She could take a pound. Go home and tell her so. I never sells poisons to women's doctors and do not wish the rat to turn black in the face. Be calm."

So Tom flew home again, and Eve rejoiced; and hearing that Johnson was a single man, who admitted himself to be engaged, she did not rip the patch off her coat as she had at first intended.

M. K. D.

### MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Doctors do not flourish in Serbia. Up to a very recent date their place was supplied by "wise women," called "babas." These "babas" profess to have an intuitive knowledge of medicinal plants, but that intelligent being, the Serbian peasant, placed much less trust in their medical man than in their magical skill. Their performance in this line was remarkable, and their rustic patients had every faith in it.

The most common fatal disease in Serbia is consumption and congestion of the lungs. The staple

remedy for the latter ailment is to administer to the patient three apples grown on the same bough. If, after eating these apples, which are supposed to have some mysterious connection with the Trinity, the patient feels no better, then, but not till then, the wise woman adopts more vigorous measures.

The unfortunate malady is laid on the ground on his stomach, the wise woman scatters salt over him, and marches around him muttering cabalistic words. This seems to be a kind of exorcism, and would indicate a belief that the illness is caused by witchcraft or demoniacal possession.

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

### THE DRAMA.

#### STRAND THEATRE.

THERE is no theatre more frequently deserving notice for novelty and excellence in its productions, original or revived, than our mirthful little neighbour, the Strand. The bill of fare is now indeed a rich and rare one. First, we have Miss Ada Swanborough, in the animated and graceful Countess of Tressilian in Charles Mathews's sparkling one act comedy "The Dowager." Then follows the uprushing condensed extract of fun, "Babes and Beetles," of which Mr. J. S. Clarke we gave a sketch last week in these columns; and now Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert's most enjoyable, ingenious, rhythmical, and rumbustious of musical extravaganzas, "Trial by Jury," is added to the bill. From its reception on the first night, we opine it will for some time to come keep possession of the stage and orchestra. The care taken to ensure efficiency in every detail, and the excellence of the cast, are most commendable. Miss Lottie Venne young, acted, and looked the gushing and irresistible plaintiff to the life. Mr. Marinus, whose talent for operatic burlesques is undeniable, cut a truly comic figure as the defendant, while the judicial gravity of Mr. J. G. Taylor was unassassable. Mr. Harry Cox as the fussy usher of the Court, and Mr. C. Parry as the rhetorical counsel for the plaintiff, with Mr. Penley, added completeness to the ensemble. The highly "intelligent jury" were evidently a most judicious and musically "panel." The orchestral accompaniments were played with precision; in short, "Trial by Jury" at the Strand is most enjoyably diverting.

#### ADELPHI THEATRE.

WE have already noticed with approval the retention of the children's pantomime, "Goody Two Shoes," in the Adelphi bill, after the period when Christmas entertainments fade away and die. It retains its hold by reason of its pretty pastoral story, and the charming acting of the Grattan children, Emilie and Harry, of Miss Kate Seymour, Master Barry, Little Queen Mab, and the graceful dancing of "La Petite Orlito," which carry it out of the category of ordinary pantomime. Another change took place on Saturday: the revival of the "Colleen Bawn," with a considerable remodelling of the cast in the leading characters of the well-known Irish drama. The most important of these changes are the substitution of Mr. Charles Sullivan for Mr. J. C. Williamson as Myles na Coppaleen; Miss Hudspeth for Miss Maggie Moore as Eily O'Connor; Mr. Shiel Barry for Mr. Emery as Danny Mann. The immense audience testified their revived interest and their approval of Mr. Chatterton's liberality and resources as evinced in the new cast by enthusiastic plaudits and recitals. Comparisons are odious, is a trite text, and we shall avoid them. Mr. Sullivan's performance was powerful, impressive, and effective, perhaps a trifle coarse, but full of vigour. Miss Hudspeth was intensely affecting, without a trace of exaggeration, and presented a careful study of the heroine. Of Mr. Shiel Barry we shall say no more than that in such characters he is at present the best stage Irishman we know, and his Danny Mann leaves nothing to ask. The old favourites, Miss Edith Stuart (Mrs. Oregan), Miss Annie Taylor (Ann Chute), Mr. W. Terrell (Hardress Oregan), Mr. J. C. Shore (Kathy Daly), Mr. Mowbray (Father Tom), and Mr. Calhoun (Corrigan), were thoroughly at home in their well-distributed parts.

The undiminished attraction of this model Irish

play was testified by the interest evinced in the development of the ingenious plot of the author of "The Collegians," and the applause bestowed upon the leading performers.

#### GLOBE THEATRE.—CORA.

THE first performance in London of a play intended as a medium for the display of the unquestionable talent of one of our most powerful pathetic actresses, Mrs. Hermann Vezin, must command the attention of the playgoer and stimulate the curiosity of the amusement seeker. There was accordingly a full attendance at the Globe to witness the first representation of "Cora." It may be necessary to state that "Cora" is a new, and we consider an improved version of a French play first adapted to the English stage by Mr. W. G. Wills, and subsequently revised by Mr. F. Marshall. It is founded on a romance entitled "L'Article 47," from which a drama was subsequently produced in Paris.

"L'Article 47" is a provision in the Criminal Code by which a man who is once sentenced to the "galley," or penal servitude, shall be compelled to live in the town assigned by the police for his residence, and shall incur his former punishment if found elsewhere. In the English version this "article" of the law almost vanishes from the story, which is briefly this: Georges du Hamel, on a visit to the United States, has met at New Orleans with "Cora," in whose veins runs a tinge of negro blood. Madly in love with her he cannot marry her by the then law of the United States. He induces Cora to cross the Atlantic, by a promise of marriage. Arrived in France his aristocratic mother is horrified at this mésalliance of her only son. Cora is indignant when Georges places before her the impossibility of his performing his promise in defiance of his mother's objections. M. Georges appears to have imbued some peculiar "plantation" notions of dealing with refractory women with a taint of slave-blood, for he threatens, bailes, and insults her in a most Legree-like fashion, and winds up by firing a pistol in her face, which disfigures it with frightful scars. For this gallant action, performed by mistake on the wrong side of the Atlantic, he is sentenced to five years at the "galley." He serves out his time, and eight years after M. Georges meets Cora. His rascality does not seem to have improved him, or Cora either, for he is living under a false name and is betrothed to Marcelle, daughter of the Comte de Rives, while Cora is a sort of mysterious attraction to an American saloon or private hotel in Paris, to which the jeunesse dorée, native and foreign, are invited and fleeced.

Cora's love revives, despite her brutal treatment, but when her despicable assailant, after coarse reproaches, announces his intended nuptials, Cora's spirit of revenge in turn arises. She has him in her power by his shameful secret, and resolves that he shall not marry another. Unless he consents, at least to give her his society, she will expose him as a felon to his fiancée.

Georges du Hamel consents, and repays nightly to Madame de Champ's receptions, for such is now the name of Cora. Marcelle has her mistrust of her lover, goes alone to the house, and finds him tête-à-tête with Cora. First from Georges, then from Cora, Marcelle has the history of his crime. Georges tries to escape with Marcelle, but Cora appears before them, pale, desperate, and actually mad. Reviving from her frenzy she writes a letter to the prefect, denouncing Georges as a felon-convict. The letter, however, is not sent. Finally, the Comte de Rives refusing, very naturally, his consent to the union of his daughter and Georges, Cora, restored to reason, becomes the mediator for the man who has so deeply wronged her; and prevailing on the Count to reverse his decision, she gives Georges up to Marcelle and dies a self-immolated victim.

For ourselves, we must confess that though Cora is very liberal in charging herself with cruelty and misconduct, we are so disgusted at the cowardly and unmanly brutality of M. Georges du Hamel, that we can hardly sympathise with the prolonged martyrdom of Cora. Mr. Fernandez played the detestable Georges; Mr. Leather, Victor Mazilver, French gambler, an excellent study. Mr. Stephens was careful and impressive as the Comte de Rives, and Mr. Darrel Fisher showed himself "a chip of the old block" in a *serio-comic* character. Miss Talbin played Marcelle prettily. The weight of the drama rests on Mrs. Hermann Vezin, and in every

phase of love, jealousy, revenge, penitence, and self-sacrifice she was admirable, as the repeated applause testifies. The situations, or stage effects, were sensational, if exaggerated, but that rests with the drama, not the actress. Mrs. Vezin's departure for America will leave a wide chasm in the front rank of our tragic artistes.

MR. W. HOLLAND, the "People's Caterer," has announced his benefit at the Surrey Theatre for the 26th March. It is arranged that on this occasion Mr. Holland will perform the part of clown in the Surrey pantomime, morning and evening; Nellie Moon, harlequin; Topsy Vean, columbine; "Mother's" your only wear."

The Duke's Theatre, for some time the stage for a clever company of four-footed performers, is about to be restored to biped actors. It will reopen on the 31st, with an original sensational drama, "The Two Mothers," under the management of Mr. M. L. Mayer.

Drury-Lane Theatre has been closed during the present week, the stage being occupied by rehearsals of "Hasko," an original play by Henry Spicer, in which the hero, Count Stourja, is personated by Mr. Creswick, and the principal female character by Miss Leighton.

Her Wagner, it is reported, will visit England in May, and on that and the ensuing month will conduct concerts consisting of his own compositions.

Miss Neilson has just closed a series of histrionic triumphs in Shakespearian heroines in America. Juliet, Isabel, Rosalind, Imogen, Viola (*Twelfth Night*), with Julia (*Hunchback*), Pauline Deschaperon (*Lady of Lyons*), have carried audiences in the great cities of the great Republic into the seventh heaven of enthusiasm. *Files* of Cincinnati, St. Louis, Toronto, and other papers are overspread with eulogistic notices and laudatory criticisms of our admirable English actress.

**GARRY SEASON OF FRENCH PLAYS, 1877.**—This season, which will be an annual one, will commence on Monday, May the 21st, and terminate about the end of July. Monday, May the 21st, the successful play, by MM. Breckmann-Chatrian, "L'Ami Fritz," now being played at the Comédie Française, Paris, will be represented for a few nights only with M. Febvre, in his original character. On Monday, June the 4th, Mdlle. Theresa will make her first appearance in England, for two weeks only, in one of her popular pieces, introducing her celebrated songs. M. Didier will make his appearance during this engagement. Monday, June the 18th, Madame Celine Chaumont will appear in her old company. After this engagement, which is for a few weeks only, if time permits, Mdlle. Jodie will make her appearance, and close the season.

The Alexandra Palace and Park are definitively sold. The purchasers are the committee appointed by the London Financial Association, which is, we believe, the second largest creditor of the late company. It is expected the Palace will open on Good Friday.

#### FLOWERS.

THEY are cheap luxuries; a child may easily slip and root them; the pots best adapted for their growth may be had cheap, and less than fifteen minutes a day will keep them in good condition. What is more beautiful than a window latticed with a Maderia vine in full blossom? A second window may be draped about with a thrifty ivy. Other windows of the room may have a basket swinging from its hook, and brimming over with greenery, if not with blossoms; with great clusters of ground-myrtle hanging down like grape bunches; with German ivy and flaming nasturtiums, wandering Jew and matrimony—all of them the common flowers of the country. What can be finer than a pot of calia? If you give this plant its native, Nile-like warmth and moisture by watering it with exceedingly warm water, it will reward your effort by blossom on blossom in quick succession the livelong winter, the plant only asking to be cut down and laid away on its side when summer comes, to rest till another season.

IT is said that the New Sultan of Turkey is making a sensation among the people by his affability and disregard of court etiquette. He has been asking his ministers, and even his brigadier-generals and colonels, to drive with him, and once at least has invited his Grand Vizier to ride in the same carriage with himself. His subjects are reported to be exceedingly amazed, but no less gratified.



[ONLY A NEGRO.]

## THE "MOSQUITO" QUESTION.

It was at Carrelton, the northern suburb, that the much-tossed about 407th disembarked and established their camp. The colonel went down to the city the following day to report, and returned in a bad humour.

"Queer chap, old Blower," he soliloquised over his coffee that evening, while we sat silently by, anxious to pick up any items of news that might fall from his lips. "Nicely situated, I should think; general and staff quartered in one of the most luxurious mansions in the city. Walked into the office and asked for General Blower. That young popinjay, Flipper, tried to make me think it was him I wanted to see; but I didn't, and asked him if General Blower was a puppet-show, to be so carefully kept out of sight. Smart chap, young Flipper, but too pert, like all the young fellows. So he laughed, and showed me into old Blower's room. He pretended to be glad to see me; said he was afraid we were lost. (No thanks to him, I reckon, that we are not in the bed of the Atlantic.) Very heavy work coming on, he said; Banks expected to open the enemy's eyes by this spring's campaign. Blower's division must be ready. The 407th must be ready—and much nonsense of that kind. Wonder if the old man expects to frighten me with such talk? I reckon we don't rate ourselves behind any regiment in this department; do we, boys?"

A chorus of negatives assured the colonel that we had a high opinion of ourselves.

"Well, let old Blower fuss; hate to be talked to like a baby, though. And I tell you what, boys, I reckon we can have very fair times here for two months to come, for we shan't smell powder sooner than that. We'll drill like Trojans, of course, and

make the regiment as handy as a machine; but the climate is delightful, everything convenient to live with, and little duty."

"And the city very near," suggested Mainwaring. "Far enough off so that you won't see it for a month," retorted the colonel, with a grim smile.

"But it's delightful to be a soldier," said the quarter-master, complacently picking his teeth. "Who wouldn't be one?"

The noise of a horse's hoofs galloping up to the tent was presently heard, and a large envelope was passed in to the adjutant.

"Read it, Frogge," said the colonel. "Some camp-order, likely."

Frogge tore open the envelope, and read, over the signature of Ned Flipper, the command that the 407th should forthwith relieve the guard between Algiers and Brashear City, each company being placed at a separate post.

The colonel turned pale as he heard it, snatched the order, read it, and threw it down with a very emphatic ejaculation.

"May the shade of Mars deliver us from Blower!" he groaned. "Not three days in the company before we are set to guarding a railroad. Pretty business for such a regiment as the 407th. Wonder if he wouldn't like to set us to sweeping the streets of the city?"

But for once the colonel was too hasty in his opinion. The duty to which we were assigned was important and dangerous, as we presently discovered. The enemy had more than once made forays upon this road, and in one instance had surprised and captured a whole company. It was, with us, the beginning of the campaign; and right here a few words are necessary, to outline the country and the military situation to the reader.

There is a doleful melody, the burden of which is, "In the lowlands, lowlands, low," a locality embrac-

ing, in fact, the whole southern half of the country. For the first hundred miles above the Gulf, the river is almost upon a level with the adjacent country, which is protected by levees, or artificial banks, from overflow.

All through the vast tract of land westward to the Gulf, there is neither swell nor hillock to break the uniform flat. The whole country is for the most part alluvial, and has actually been deposited by the streams tending southward to the Gulf. This is true of the land upon which the city stands to-day. Nor is the lower part drained only by the great river, which discharges its mighty accumulation of water through its Delta of half a dozen mouths.

Below its confluence, many streams, or more properly straits, take their rise in the latter, and pursue a sinuous course southerly to the Gulf.

These are the bayous of the city; and a narrow belt of plantation on either side of each of them embraces the sugar-growing district, with its enormous yields of that staple.

Eighty miles westward is Brashear City, an inconsiderable place, connected with the village by a railroad. The Atchafalaya having its head-waters in the Red River, and Bayou Teche, flowing from remote parts, both unite at Brashear City in an expansion of water called Berwick Bay, from which the Atchafalaya flows into the bay of the same name.

Here, at Brashear City, was our extreme western outpost; a dozen miles up the Teche, the narrow strip of open country bordering the bayou had been strongly fortified, and was held by the army of the late clever general, Dick Taylor. Eastward of the Atchafalaya to the river, the country was a terra incognita—a chaos of lakes and swamps known only to fugitive negroes and boatmen.

The railroad to Brashear was built through a wilderness of swampy forest; except the dozen bayous which it crossed, the track was laid between impenetrable cypress swamps, seemingly the dreariest and least attractive spots imaginable. It is all wild, unclaimed and uninhabited, except by the most repulsive of animal life.

Huge alligators splash and paddle laxly in the turbid pools, and snakes inhabit the waters, or kiss from the trees; owls, lizards and lantanas abound, and dense clouds of insects, poisonous and irritating, infest the air. It is almost impossible to convey with pen an adequate idea of these swamp thickets. They are in fact impervious; you cannot enter them, save by the slow labour of destroying everything before you, and cutting yourself a path.

In the wet season, the ground is covered with stagnant water to great depth; but when the heat of midsummer has parched the ground, a thick growth of spiked palm bushes springs up between the trees, and the luxuriant trails of the Spanish moss are interlaced and interwoven from branch to branch. Nature has interposed her barriers against you; the solitude of these wild wastes remains from year to year unbroken.

Nevertheless, great vigilance was required to guard this railroad against the raid of the enemy. It could be reached only by crossing the Teche and lower lakes in boats, and thence creeping cautiously down the bayous to some of the bridges; but they well knew its value as a means of communication, and might hazard a great deal to impair it.

They knew that the campaign would in all probability be opened on the Teche, for their army was gathered there, and the country through which it ran teemed with all kinds of commissary supplies. It was easy to see that this road would then be the vital link in maintaining our communications with the city; and I think when Colonel Carib came to understand the topography of the country better, he must have considered himself and his regiment complimented by the choice.

The order which the colonel received conveyed the additional information that the 407th was attached to the brigade of General Weitzel, then lying at Thilodeaux, on Bayou La Fourche. Two northern regiments, with ours, composed the command; and as we occupied the situation nearest the enemy, it was fair to suppose that our place would be in the van when the advance came to be made. The restless spirits in the regiment hailed the prospect with delight. The quarter-master growled at the increase of labour which our new situation would devolve upon him, and the adjutant spent the twelve hours before our departure in getting up orders for the different companies.

One of the great steamboats, coughing and wheezing as if afflicted with a bad cold, took us and our camp-equipage aboard that night, and conveyed us to Algiers, opposite the city.

By the joint management of Short and the superintendent, who occupied themselves for two hours in countermanding each other's orders, the train was at last made up, and half an hour after midnight we were en route. The twinkling lights from the boats on the river, and from the great city opposite, we left

behind us, and we plunged into the darkness and dreariness of the lowlands.

One by one we dropped off into that unquiet sleep which soldiers enjoy aboard troop trains, doubled up into as small a compass as possible to economise room. Occasionally the stopping of the train awakened us, and the sergeant-major would inform the captain of Company A., B., or C., that he was to station his company here; and then the train rumbled on again, and there was another season of uneasy slumbers.

In these moments of wakefulness, when the stars happened to be out, I caught glimpses of dark masses of forests, closely bordering the road, and now and then, when we crossed the bridge, I noticed the turbid waters of a bayou, confined by the high banks of the levees; and sometimes the odour of oranges blew in at the open window from the adjoining orchards.

The colonel and staff, with one of the companies, were left at La Fourche; and some time after daylight the train stopped at Bayou Boeuf, within a few miles of Brashear, and Captain Haxell and Company F. were called for.

We were relieving a regiment along this road, and a full company of soldiers were drawn up here ready for the return train to take them to Algiers.

They were soldierly fellows, and handled their muskets with wonderful precision, though three months before they were hoisting cane in the plantations; but it was impossible to control our risibles during the roll call; and even the white captain smiled upon seeing our mirth. The orderly, a great jolly-faced fellow, with a voice like a thunder-clap, commanded attention, and proceeded thus:

"Abraham McMahon!"

"He—ah!" and down came a musket from a support to a shoulder.

"Pontius Pilate!"

"He—ah!"

"Prince Charles Edward!"

"He—ah!" (This latter was certainly no Pretender in the matter of colour.)

"Nebuchadnezzar Jones!"

"He—ah!"

"Henry Clay Johnson!"

"He—ah!"

The roll embraced most of the modern celebrities, with a fair sprinkling of scriptural and historical cognomina. The natives provided an excellent breakfast for my company; and while their captain was turning over the orders to me, they grew confidential with the soldiers.

"We hab quarter in de big house dere," I overheard one of them say. "Ole Mass' Gassoway's house; but he hab gone off; I spec he don't like so much blue clothes 'round, and thinks mebbe he be 'pected of sending news to Mass' Dick Taylor up de Teche. Splendid house, once; but we hab no blankets, at first, and so we tore up the carpets to make 'em; and we couldn't all see in de big lookin'-glass togeoder, and so we broke him in pieces. Hi! hi!—but it's great fun for ole mass'!"

About noon the train returned from Brashear and took away the coloured company, and I proceeded to examine the situation.

Bayou Boeuf, I discovered, took rise in Lake Palourde, some three miles above the railroad, and emptied into Barwick Bay below Brashear. This was an inviting point of attack, as an armed force might easily cross the lake from Taylor's camp, and, unless stoutly opposed, burn the bridge at Bayou Boeuf, and retreat unharmed.

Our principal duty was to be ready to take arms for the defence of the bridge at an instant's warning, and to keep a strong outpost constantly on the shore of Lake Palourde. We took possession of the deserted house, and I threw out a strong picket immediately to the lake. Lieutenant Reeves went with us, and I passed the night in one of the upper chambers of the house, trying to sleep.

It was a vain effort—a faithful trial—that was all. From the adjacent swamps came clouds of ravenous mosquitos, athirst for our blood, and actually shrieking their savage delight upon us. Terrible fellows they were; of such a size, and so ferocious! I tossed and tumbled on my blankets, wildly striking and slapping at the sanguinary marauders, and occasionally yelling with rage and pain as one of them fairly planted his poisonous stings in my face. It was a new species of martyrdom, perfectly agonising in its effects.

In my innocence, I supposed I had suffered from mosquitos at Saratoga and Avon. I had flattered myself the habits of the unprincipled creatures were known to me, and that I had endured as great a torment as he could inflict. But that was before the exigencies of the war took me southwards.

My sight may have been to some extent distorted by anger and excitement; but I solemnly aver that some twenty-five hundred of these insect pests attacked me that memorable night, each as large as a

thimble, and each shrieking like the whistle of a locomotive.

The whole company awoke the next morning with swollen cheeks and deformed noses; and Lieutenant Slim suggested that a speedy way to end the campaign would be to collect all the mosquitos and alligators, and drive them up the Teche towards the enemy's intrenchments.

The next day I spent with the picket. I noticed as I walked up the bayou, that no sugar-cane had been planted in the fields the preceding fall. They were covered with stubble, the natural effects of the war.

A large flock of buzzards rose from the fence before me, and flew lazily a few rods away; and, as I turned my eyes to the bayou, I saw a great alligator, full ten feet long, basking his scaly body in the sun. The whole country swarmed with animal life; strange birds screamed and chattered from the branches, the beautiful white cups of the magnolia were unfolding, and the green and freshness of spring were abroad over the landscape.

I found the picket—Sergeant Miles and ten of the most trusty men of the company—established behind a thick clump of palm bushes, where they could see the whole of the lake without being discovered. I surveyed the situation with critical attention, and quickly satisfied myself that whoever came from the Teche to attack us must land here, as long as the outpost at Brashear was securely held. Nobody could penetrate the thick swamps that lined the shore of Lake Palourde; the enemy, who knew the country so well, would never try it. The lake lay before us like a sheet of glass, glistening in the morning sun, the opposite shore being dimly visible six miles off.

A narrow neck of marshy land separated it from Grand Lake; then, beyond the latter, was the Teche, and the enemy.

"I'd like to trade the mosquitos for the enemy," said Private Blane, whose honest countenance was at present mottled with great spots of fiery redness.

"Tell us that when you smell their powder, John," said the sergeant, good-humouredly.

The day passed away without incident; nothing but waterfowl disturbed the lake. The evening came on chilly, but we built no fires; they might have served as beacons for raiders.

I had lain down in my blanket beneath the shelter of the bushes, and was dozing, dreaming, it may be, of northern sieges, when the sergeant touched my arm.

"There is a noise on the lake, sir," he whispered. "It sounds like the dip of a paddle."

I sprang up and peered out into the darkness. Nothing could be seen; I could hardly distinguish the faces of the men by me, as they crouched behind the bushes, grasping their arms. But far out upon the lake could be heard the steady dip, dip of a paddle, seemingly approaching the shore.

It could not be a gull's wing; it was much too steady for that.

"There's only a single boat, by the sound," whispered Sergeant Miles. "A scout, I think."

Steadily the sound drew near; so near that I thought the boat could be only a few rods from the shore.

"Ready, every man," I whispered. "Challenge them, sergeant."

"Halt!" he shouted. The sound ceased instantly.

"Who comes there?"

There was no response.

"Who comes there?" he shouted again.

I waited a few seconds, a very few, and then whispered the order:

"Aim—fire!"

A bright flash burst out from behind the bushes, and the crash of the muskets broke with startling effect on the stillness of the night. The bullets were effective, though sent at random; by the flash we saw a skiff filling and sinking, and a man swimming towards the shore.

The sergeant with a couple of men went down to the beach, and soon returned, conducting a dripping negro, who looked up into my face with the most doleful and despairing expression imaginable. At any other time he could have shrieked with laughter over his appearance.

Excessive fright had slightly paled the ebony of his face, and his expansive mouth, more suggestive of a shark than a human being, was wide open, while his eyeballs actually protruded with fear.

"For de Lord's sake, don't kill Jonah!" he managed to articulate. "Hab done nuffin at all to be killed for."

"Why didn't you answer the challenge?" I asked.

"Bress your soul, mass', I was mortal 'fraid! You say 'who dat?'—I 'fraid to say 'Jonah, from the enemy's camp,' for fear you shoot; so I lay down in the boat, and say nothing; and then 'crack! crack!' go de gun, and away go poor Jonah's boat."

"Are there any more boats on the lake, tonight?"

"Not a one, mass," pon my soul, none at all. Now listen to Jonah. Been servant long time for officer up at Camp Bisland—"

"The enemy's camp?"

"Golly, yes; heap of 'em dere! So I hear dat de soldiers coming up de bayou for fight; tinks I, 'Jonah, you better go and leab here, and tell dem all about Mass' General Dick Taylor and his army.' So I set out to-day, and swam over de Teche; soldier on de bank say, 'who dat?' and Jonah dive out ob sight; and he say 'alligator,' and I float down, and land in de swamp. Dan I wade the swamp—cross de Grand Lake. So here I is."

My fears that he might be a decoy thrown forward by a large party to lull us into security, vanished, as I heard this story and examined his person. His clothes were torn, and plastered with mud, and his hands and face were scratched and bleeding with briars.

He knew perfectly the situation of the enemy, as I discovered after half an hour's examination. They had built works, he said, six miles above Pattersonville, from the swamp on either side to the bayou.

They had twenty or thirty guns in position, and a great many men—as many as twenty thousand, I conjectured, from his description. There were armed steamers on the Teche and Grand Lake; but he did not think the generals intended any raids towards the city. They meant to wait our advance in their own country, and were perfectly satisfied of their ability to repel any attack.

The following morning I sent Jonah under guard to Colonel Carib, to be forwarded by him to General Weitzel. I afterwards discovered that his information was substantially correct, and that it was of the greatest importance in determining the plan of the ensuing campaign.

January and February slipped away without any incident of particular interest. The rainy season came on, when it seemed as if the very floodgates of the skies were opened upon us, and the mud became, without exaggeration, knee-deep.

The alligators grew bolder, and a great scaly fellow was shot one day while entering the house; while the mosquitos seemed determined to pursue us to death.

We picketed the lake carefully, but there were no more indications of anything from the enemy. Night an day, and in the heaviest rains, we kept vigilant watch and ward, but no enemy appeared. One day, when the rain fell in torrents, we heard the distant boomerang of guns, appearing to come from some point across the lake.

For almost an hour the sounds continued, indicating a fight; and putting the company under arms, I waited for some report of it. The news came the next day.

One of our gunboats, with two companies from our brigade, and an officer of General Weitzel's staff, had gone up Grand Lake to reconnoitre, and her commander very imprudently ventured into Bayou Teche.

Masked batteries lined the shore, and the boat was raked fore and aft with round shot and grape, and drifted helplessly down the stream, with her engines crippled.

The soldiers made a good fight with their muskets, but they could do little less than stand up and be slaughtered; and the result was the surrender of the gunboat and all on board.

But fast on the heels of this came the news of Farragut's gallant passage of the batteries of Port Hudson, with the loss of one of his ships, and the demonstration of a division of our forces against the enemy's stronghold. The troops had fallen back to Baton Rouge again; but what did it mean?

I had nobody to speculate with me now, upon the signs of the campaign, and most earnestly did I yearn for the companionship of the mess, with its gossip about passing events. My lieutenants were good fellows, but didn't seem at all anxious to know what our part in the struggle was to be; Slim was too phlegmatic to care, and Reeves too indifferent to the events of the future.

They smoked their pipes with the most perfect nonchalance, and advised me not to try to precipitate a collision with the enemy.

By-and-bye, towards the last days of March, the train from Algiers dropped a lieutenant of General Weitzel's staff at Bayou Boeuf. He examined the ground thoroughly, ascertained the depth of the bayou and the lake, and asked me a great many questions.

Three days afterwards, the news flew abroad. The formidable ram, Queen of the West, was in Grand Lake, and a descent upon the Bayou Boeuf bridge was probably meditated. The whole brigade was ordered up to the threatened point, and of

course the 407th would be united again. I hailed the prospect with joy; while Reeves quietly remarked:

"Yes; it will be a good thing. It will equalise our sufferings on the Mosquito Question." H. R.

### AN OLD HOUSE.

THERE is something in an old house that there never can be in a new one. The new one may be handsomer, it may have higher ceilings and broader panes of glass, a medieval mantel-piece, and French paper on the walls, and Persian rugs. You may be proud of it, but you loved the old house—the dear old house—almost as old as the great trees at the door.

A tall man could touch the ceilings with his palm, and the great mantel-pieces were stiff and ugly; but there, in the firelight, used to sit, once upon a time, the old grandmother with her knitting, while the children climbed her knee and she told them stories of her youth.

Out of that window—the little window with the diamond panes—she had looked to see her young husband coming home after a long day's hunt, flushed with exercise, bright, and handsome. There lay the great red deer he shot; yonder the dogs were kennelled—the great, brown-eyed dogs.

One of their race, then unborn, sometimes stands beside her as she tells these tales, old and blind and toothless, and there are no deer now. Yes, up that road she had ridden herself, a gay young bride, coming for the first time to her husband's house, full of hope and love and joy. There her babes had been born, grown to be men and women, and gone forth.

Out of that door went, at last, her husband's long funeral train, and nothing was left her of her life but its memories. There she sat, thinking and knitting, telling the old stories.

How could she be so content? the young people often thought.

The tall clock stood in the hall and ticked, as it had done for seventy years. In the glass cupboard were stored a sacred silver tea-pot that had been a wedding present.

Fox's Martyrs and the Pilgrim's Progress were in the book-case, and the big Bible on the stand; and there were black profiles of chokked-looking gentlemen and ladies, with wondrous puffs on their heads, on the walls; up in the bed-rooms were rag-carpets and high-post beds, and chests of drawers, and long presses. How many heads had rested on those pillows! What happy dreams had been dreamt, what bitter tears shed!

And down in the parlour, with its hard, upright sofa, guests with strange dulness of which no one dreamt, had been entertained: and lovers had wooed and won, and doubtless there had been little tragedies, such as go on between lovers through all the generations. Story after story has told itself in the old house.

They are not all happy ones, but they make the old house different from a new one. Memories lurk in the very walls; and who shall say that the spirits that lie at rest in the old churchyard yonder, under tombstones on which moss has grown, do not sometimes flit through it—unseen but felt—bringing softened emotions and tender recollections as they pass?

The very trees in the garden are not as other trees. They have their stories. Under this a first kiss was taken; under that hands met in an eternal parting.

Down in the orchard is a baby's grave—the baby would be fifty years old if he lived to-day—but only a little while ago his mother sat there and shed a tear over it.

The new house is fine and costly and modern, but there is no poetry in it, and there will not be until at least two generations have made it an old house, and haunted it with sweet ghosts, as they did the old one.

M. K. D.

### HELPING OTHERS.

It seems a strange thing, but it is nevertheless true, that sharing another's burden will lighten our own. If you begin doing little things for your neighbour it will very soon be easy for you to perform great deeds in his behalf. No man is suf-

cient unto himself. Trust in Providence is nothing but higher belief in humanity. You may feel very much depressed some day, disengaged and well-nigh despairing, when some friend happens to come in and you are soothed and cheered and encouraged; the veil is lifted, and you are happy once more.

Many are able to give substantial help to those who are in need; money, to tide over some financial trouble; food, to keep a family from starving; gifts, that nourish the heart with assurances of love—something that may be a trifle in itself, but helps make up the sum of human happiness. But perhaps you cannot do this—you have a large family and limited means—well, then, draw on the mental treasury. Give kind words; comfort those who are bowed down; speak lovingly to children; stand ready to help everybody to the best of your ability.

### FACTIA.

THIS is how a Calcutta paper describes the local fireworks on the 1st January:

"Showers of stars and constellations shot athwart the blue Empyrean by the pyrotechnist's subtle art!"

### THE NEW AMUSEMENT.

When'er through London's crooked ways

I roam on others' deeds intent,

My vagrant footstep me betrays

(I will admit I have a craze

To ponder over each event).

For nothing sets my eye aglow

Like that which everyone has met—

A bill which lets the nation know

Once more the owner has on show

"This House to Let."

I always knock and ask the rent,

The landlord's name and where he dwells,

What was his greatest discontent,

And how about the gas, and bells?

I always turn each corner out,

No cranny did I once forget;

And thus, I learn a deal, no doubt,

Of what would else be lost about

"This House to Let."

And if the tenant still be there,

I love to coo his chattels o'er

And squat within his easy-chair,

And ask him when he goes and where,

Until he seems a little sore.

But if this tenant stands it well

(This tenant with possessive yet),

I find out how it first fell

He came within this house to dwell—

"This House to Let."

And thus I run around the town,

Till almost everywhere I've been;

And whether bills are up or down

The end my work will surely crown.

And every house by me been,

So will I wander round and round;

Regardless if it's dry or wet,

And street by street you may be bound

Will hear my knock if in it's found

"This House to Let."

—Fun.

### WALKING.

A SCIENTIFIC lecturer on walking says his "experiments show that one side of the body always tends to outwalk the other."

It is extremely fortunate for all of us that this lecturer has called attention to this singular propensity, because it would have been uncommodity disagreeable if, some day when we were walking up the street, one side of us started ahead and outwalked the other, and got a dozen squares in advance of it!

No man likes to see half of himself prancing along the side-walk without any reference to the other half, and the boys all following him, studying anatomy and ridiculing the action of his liver! It would be humiliating. Everybody ought to guard against such a calamity now, since this savant has indicated its probability.

"At what rate that girl's tongue is going!" said a lady, looking complaisantly at her daughter, who was discussing some subject of apparent interest with a handsome young clergyman.

"Yes," replied a satirical neighbour, "her tongue is going at the cu-rate."

An editor thus advertises his missing hat:

"The gentleman who inadvertently took out new beaver, and left an inferior article in its stead, will

do us infinite kindness by returning ours, and he shall receive our warmest thanks and two apologies—an apology for the trouble we have given him, and the apology for a hat he has left us."

ROTHSCHILD said one day he always knew, when people were talking about his fellow Hebrews, whether the latter were rich or poor. Upon being asked how he came to know that, he replied:

"Why, you see, when people are talking about a wealthy man of my creed, they call him an Israelite, but if he is poor they call him a Jew."

### HOW WE ARRANGE OUR LITTLE DINNERS.

MISTRESS: "Oh, cook, we shall want dinner for four this evening. What do you think besides the joint, of oxtail soup, lobster pâté, and an entree—say, beef?"

COOK: "Yes, 'm—frosh, or Astur—"

MISTRESS: "Let's see! It's only the Browns—  
—Punch."

### THE CHRISTMAS BRIMTON.

GERALD (who has been listening with exemplary patience): "Mamie, when is he going to talk about the pudding?"

—Punch.

### MALAPROPOS.

MAMIE (who is anxious for her oldest boy to show off): "Did ever anyone see such a tiresome boy! Now what did I tell you, Freddy, was the tooth plague?"

FREDDY (Jumping at it): "The plague o' the first-born!"

—Punch.

### VERS DE SOCIETY.

THAT playful but tender young bard, the Hon. Fitz-Lavender Belair, enjoys the almost perfect bliss of reading a little thing of his own to a circle of well-minded but intensely sympathetic women:

### "TO A FAIR ANGELNESS,

"Glad lady mine, that glitterest  
In shimmer of sunnah ashwari the  
lawn,

Canst tell me which is bitterest—

The glammaw of Eve, or the glammaw  
of dawn,

"To those with whose hearts thou stirrest  
The field where they fall at thy feet to  
fawn?

As a butthfy dost thou flotta by?

How, whence, and oh! whether, art come  
and gone?"

CHORUS: "How exquisite! How refined! How  
really quite too far more than most awfully deli-  
cious!"

As the poem is not of equal merit throughout we  
only quote the first stanza.

A PORK butcher, be it respectfully observed, is as far in advance of the age, inasmuch as he both kills and cures. Now, it is rare indeed that a doctor can achieve more than one of these delicate operations successfully at a time; at all events, there is no living proof of the two having been performed completely to the patient's satisfaction.

PAT, arriving at an inn in the interior of Michigan, late at night, went to bed, and was called up in two or three hours to renew his journey west by next coach.

"What will you charge?" said he, "for the bit of lodgings?"

"A dollar," was the reply.

"Sure," he rejoined, "an' it was lucky I had to rise so airly; for, if I'd slept till morning, I'd not have had the money to pay my bill."

—A BENT."

"FATHER, did Casca, who helped to kill Julius Caesar, own a great many houses?"

"No, my dear, not that I know of. What makes you think so?"

"Because, father, I am reading here where it says, 'See what a 'rent' the envious Casca made.'"

JUJY was in that father's countenance, and the mother looked delighted at the wisdom of her only child.

### AMERICAN COOLNESS.

A YANKEE, who, making one of those journeys across the continent of America, was reluctant to go to sleep, lest he should miss the announcement of the arrival at a certain station. The guard, however, begged him to get his sleep in comfort, and assured him that nothing should prevent his being called at the proper time.

With many expressions of misgivings and many cautions to the guard not to fail him, the anxious passenger at length went to sleep. And the guard after all forgot to call him, and did not think of it

until the train was gone a considerable distance too far.

But trains are not frequent in those parts, and the rules of the train service are not so rigid as in more civilised regions, and the consciousness-stricken guard succeeded in inducing the driver to back the carriages to the station in question.

Presently they were back at the station, and the guard called the passenger.

"All right," said the passenger quietly, but not stirring.

"But we are now at the station," said the guard, "and we shall be g'wine on sharp."

"Thank you," said the passenger composedly, with the curious Yankees emphasis on the second word; but never moved.

The guard thought he was half asleep, and was about to shake him up, when the passenger said once again:

"All right, thank you; the doctor said I must take my pills at this station."

#### ANY EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE.

**Tommy:** "Gie us a bite o' yer apple, Billy."

**FUTURE DIPLOMATIST:** "Can't do that, Tommy. Don't ye see this 'ere apple's a paddin' apple, and I wouldn't like to give a friend a bite of a paddin' apple."

—Fun.

#### "MIND YOUR STEPS."

**OLD WOMAN** (who always has a grievance): "Well, miss," course I oughtn't to grumble, but I do have the rheumatic bad, and the place is uncommon cold and damp; but it won't be for long—it won't be for long."

**YOUNG LADY:** "Ah, and what a blessing it will be, Biddy, for us all when your time comes."

**CN. B.**—She intended to add, "To know you are so well prepared," but Biddy collapsed before she could get to that.

—Fun.

#### MEAT-TEMPYCHOSIS.

THE meat difficulty is solved. The Americans send us over fresh at 8d. a pound. Vengeance is meated out to the butchers who kept meat up, and if you give a son of toll a pound of American beef it is a pleasure to watch hi(meat) up the lot. It is but meat something of the sort should have happened.

—Fun.

#### DOMESTIC CONSIDERATION.

**LADY** (to servant who has given notice three days after her arrival): "But if you didn't mean to stay why did you take the place?"

**SERVANT:** "Well, m', when I see you at the Registry Office you looked so tired and fagged I took your situation out of charity like."

—ABBEY GO LUCKY.

THE robbery from Battle Abbey was completed long before the servants got wind of it. They didn't get wind of it, because the Duchess's Abbey gales were out of the way.

—Fun.

#### HE MUST ABDUL TIMES.

THE poor Sultan has had another attack of that nasty toothache. His great troubles now seem to be new viziers, new constitutions, and neuralgias.

—Fun.

#### CIGARS of a Good Brand—The Speaker's.

—Fun.

#### NOTE.

IT is asserted by the High that the Ritualistic martyrs are bricks. They are—Rubicks. —Fun.

PROPER position for a horseman of undoubted pluck.—The mastership of the "Craven Hounds."

—Fun.

#### THE Place for Dun Horses.—Dunstable. —Fun.

#### EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

**BAKER** (a little too particular as things go): "Here—I say! This won't do! You've given me two French 'pennies'!"

**YOUNGSTER:** "Oh, never mind! Save 'em up for change for people who buy French rolls."

—Judy.

#### STATISTICS.

DURING the last financial year 1,373,936 dog licences were taken out, being an increase of more than 100,000 over the previous year, producing to the revenue £343,484, the evasions of the duty has, however, become so numerous that it is in contemplation to delegate to the police authorities some of the powers of prosecution now possessed only by the officers of the Inland Revenue.

Captain Harris, of Tower-cottage, Parkstone, while

shooting in Bere-wood a few days ago, shot a splendid male fallow deer, his gun being loaded with small shot only. The antlered head will doubtless be added to other trophies of a similar character which adorn his study—the result of sporting achievements during his sojourn in India.

The Wild Fowl Preservation Act, 1876, has come into force. The Act protects woodcock, widgeon, summer snipe, teal, curlew, plover, wild duck, wild geese, storm curlew, sealark, sandpiper, redshank, purre, pochard, plovers, paga, lapwing, mallard, duckbill, dunbird, ebird, dunlin, godwit, greenshank, pewit, phalarope, ruff, sandpiper, shoveller, stint, spoonbill, stonehatch, thickner, whaup, whimbrell, and snipe.

In the course of a year or two a gymnasium will have been provided as every station in the United Kingdom where bodies of troops are stationed.

#### LITTLE BARE FEET.

Little bare feet on the hurrying street,  
Whither away do ye go,  
While Autumn flies fast, and pipes the blast.  
And airily falls the snow?  
If little bare feet could answer meet,  
Through lips half wasted away,  
And hollow eyes that can tell no lies,  
This is what they might say:

"To carry the news, black boots and shoes,  
Or sweep the crossings clean;  
To sell what we can to woman and man,  
A few stray pennies to gleam;  
Hers to and fro, we shivering go,  
Or dumbly stand in the storm,  
And wondering when, if ever again,  
Our little toes shall be warm."

But, little bare feet, I often meet,  
Your elder, whose duty should be  
To shod you warm from the biting storm,  
Asking pitiful aims of me.  
Have they no work that they still lurk  
Idling all day to and fro?  
Or cease they to care for the poor feet  
bare  
That still must shivering go?

"Aye, elders have we, whose care it should be"  
Say the little bare feet. "But I fear  
Both brother and sire, on humble hire,  
Look down with a growl and a sneer.  
We must rest content with the warmth that  
is sent  
From boiler or bake-shop below  
Through the heavy flags to our tatters and  
rags,  
When sweeps the wind and the snow."

Ah, little bare feet! but wealth were sweet,  
If it were at our command,  
To shod you warm from the pitiless storm,  
Throughout this freezing land;  
Not alone for the sake of the joy 'twould  
make  
In cheating the wind and snow,  
But to bring to shame the cowards whose  
blame  
It is that ye shivering go.

N. U.

#### GEMS.

ATTENTION, application, accuracy, method, punctuality, and dispatch, are the principal qualities required for the efficient conduct of business of any sort. These at first sight may appear to be small matters; and yet they are of essential importance to human happiness, well-being, and usefulness. They are little things, it is true; but human life is made up of comparative trifles. It is the repetition of little acts which constitute not only the sum of human character, but which determine the character of nations.

What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to those who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to stand at ease in the society of men superior to her sex in general? Surely because they are in the habit of free, graceful continued conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, and their delicacies and pecu-

liarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry; and the men lose their pedantic, rude, dictatorial and sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. The asperities are rubbed off, the better materials are polished and brightened, and their richness, like that of gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men.

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**THE HANDS.**—Remember that one can have the hands in soap-suds with soft soap without injury to the skin, if the hands are dipped in vinegar or lemon-juice immediately after. The acids destroy the corrosive effects of the alkali, and make the hands soft and white. Indian meal and vinegar or lemon-juice used on the hands when roughened by cold or labour will heal or soften them. Rub the hands in this, and then wash off thoroughly and rub in glycerine. Those who suffer from chapped hands in the winter will find this comforting.

**TOMATOES PRESERVED IN WINE.**—Choose fine ripe tomatoes, free from spots or bruises, says Mr. Bazin, in "Les Ménades," wipe them carefully with flannel, and place them in a large-mouthed vase until the vessel is full to within an inch and a half of the top. Pour on clear filtered water until the tomatoes are just covered, and then place a sheet of paper over the mouth of the jar. It is absolutely necessary that the tomatoes be free from any spot or bruise whatever, and care must be taken to remove from the water any which in course of time show signs of injury.

**CLEANING BRASS.**—Wash with warm water to remove grease, then rub with a mixture of rotten stone, soft soap, and oil of turpentine, mixed to the consistency of stiff putty. The stone should be powdered very fine and sifted; and a quantity of the mixture may be made sufficient to last for a long time. A little of the above mixture should be mixed with water, rubbed over the metal, then rubbed briskly with dry clean rag or leather, and a beautiful polish will be obtained.

**WHOOPING-COUGH.**—Pound best black resin very fine, and give as much as will lie on a shilling in a little moist sugar three times a day, commencing before breakfast in the morning. I have known it to cure the most obstinate cases of whooping-cough in three weeks.

**ORANGE SALAD.**—Cut several oranges crosswise, into slices an eighth of an inch thick, place them on a flat glass dish, one piece half covering the other, until the surface of the dish is covered; sift pulverised sugar over them, then add a third of a small wine-glassful of brandy, or any good liquor, and serve. Peach salad is made with sherry wine in place of brandy.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**A WAGER** was made by two corn dealers—one of them a close-set little one, and the other a tall, huge man, a great boaster of his strength, by which the little one undertook to carry a considerable distance two sacks of wheat, both to contain four bushels—sixty pounds weight. The little man accordingly procured one sack, and put four bushels of wheat into it, and then, drawing the other sack over it, contended that both sacks contained four bushels, which he carried with ease. The stakeholders decided that both sacks did contain the quantity agreed on, and the money was handed over.

**THE WINTER SEASON.**—To the true lover of nature no season is without its charms. If in the cold depth of winter the forest has lost its green summer garniture, or the gorgeous hues of autumn, the place of the departed foliage is supplied by glories of its own. Go forth in the deep woods on a clear, "frosty but kindly" morning, succeeding a day of thaw and rain, can see the diadems of royalty, the regalia of wealth and titled beauty vie with the flashing gems that lend every bough and spray, and glitter far away in the rare atmosphere, fraught with each prismatic colour of the tropic rainbow. Summer has its wild luxuriance, autumn has its golden glories, but is not winter crowned with a coronet of gems far more glorious than those, where every dell and summit, every copse and wild wood has its peculiar beauties?

**GYMNASIUM** exercises for young ladies are a part of the regular instruction in a large number of the schools of Germany. In the higher schools in Berlin they have been for some time compulsory, and on October 1st the same system was extended to all the communal schools for girls in the German capital.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

FROGS.—The origin of the custom of sending valentines on the 14th of February is not definitely known. St. Valentine is said to have been a bishop, who was beheaded at Rome by the Emperor Claudius (A.D. 270) and afterwards canonised. One authority says he was a man famous for his love and charity, and the custom of choosing valentines on his festival took its rise from thence. Others derive the custom from birds being supposed to select their mates on that day. Others again say it originated from a practice prevalent in ancient Rome at the festival of the Lupercalia, held during the month of February, when the names of young women were placed in a box, from which they were taken by young men, according as chance directed. Another custom was, on Valentine's Eve, to put an equal number of names of both sexes in a vessel, and each person drew a name, which for the time being was called his or her valentine.

ORPHAN acted very properly and discreetly in refusing to see an admirer alone until he had openly proposed for her hand. We trust her affections are not very deeply engaged, for we think there must be great inconsistency, if not great deception, in a man who, having obtained a lady's consent to call at her home, pays a very hurried visit, says nothing definite, pleads business as an excuse for prompt departure, promises to return soon, and never either appears or writes to explain his conduct. We would not for any consideration hurt "Orphan's" feelings, but it is just possible that this gentleman did not find her, on a second interview, as charming as he had imagined her; or that, like many other men, her novelty was all that had captivated him; or that, believing he had won her favour, he ceased to care for her. Some lovers weary of any conquest they are 'sure of.' Again, he may be that most contemptible of characters, a male flirt, but in any case, if "Orphan" meets with him again, she should take great care not to let him see she cares much for him, nor should she betray any regard for him, unless he can fully explain his conduct, and acts openly and honourably.

A. L. asks our opinion of a young lady's behaviour, in which he professes the most devoted attachment. When together, he frequently finds her gazing affectionately and tenderly upon him, but on discovering she is noticed instantly averts her eyes, and seems ashamed of having been detected. The young lady refuses to take a solitary walk with her admirer, and invariably insists upon being accompanied by a friend. Has our correspondent formally declared himself, and asked for the lady's hand? If so, and he is accepted, she has no reason to feel abashed when found gazing upon him who is destined to become her partner through life, and to refine being in his company sions. But in case no formal proposal has been made, then she acted with becoming discretion and reserve.

SAILOR.—We can readily believe that your assertions respecting the influence of the moon in warm climates are received with incredulity. You are right, nevertheless. Men exposed to the rays of the moon in Bermuda will patify directly, and to sleep in the rays of the moon while inhabiting that island exposes one to dangerous and virulent fevers. Temporary blindness is another dreadful effect of exposure to the rays of the moon in high latitudes.

MATILDA C.—Ants are destroyed by opening the nest and putting in quick-lime, then throwing water on it. Wasps may be destroyed in the same way; only it will be requisite that the person who does it should be covered with muslin or something over the face and hands, so that the wasps shall not sting him.

M. C.—There are many works on dancing, but none of them would be sufficient for an amateur to learn from without some lessons.

M. W. and T. M., two friends in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. M. W. is twenty-five, tall, of a loving disposition, T. M. is twenty-two. Both are educated.

JACK and TOM, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Jack is twenty-three, medium height, black hair, blue eyes, and of a loving disposition. Tom is twenty-four, medium height, auburn hair, blue eyes. Respondents must be of loving dispositions, dark, and fond of home and children.

C. G. and S. A., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. C. G. is twenty-two, medium height, dark. S. A. is twenty-one, medium height, fair.

W. J., a stoker in the Royal Navy, twenty-three, dark, medium height, hazel eyes, would like to correspond with a young woman about twenty, medium height, dark, good-looking.

ANNETTE, eighteen, tall, fair, fond of home and children, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a gentleman about twenty-eight.

ADELAIDE, twenty-two, would like to correspond with a gentleman who must be tall, fair, rich, and of a loving disposition.

MARY, nineteen, medium height, auburn hair, hazel eyes, would like to correspond with a young man in a good position.

## AN AUDIENCE WITHOUT A CRITIC.

I heard a most uncanny sound  
While coming through the stubble,  
And as I neared the rose hedge  
The strange, wild sounds grew double,  
"Dear me!" I cried, as on I hied,  
"There's somebody in trouble."

I quickly gained the hedgerow green,  
I put the boughs aside,  
Expecting there to find some rogue  
Intent on lawless plunder,  
Instead I found, ranged on the ground,  
Six lads entranced with wonder.

For in their midst a fiddler sat,  
While "up and down the middle"  
With feverish haste he scraped and scraped  
Upon an ancient fiddle,  
That shrieked and groaned, and wailed and  
moaned,  
To harmony a riddle.

The boys seemed rooted to the spot,  
And deemed it but a favour  
To forego dinner, play, and game,  
And drink in every quaver  
And demi-shrill, and semi-trill,  
Nor stop to wink or waver.

The old man ceased, and raised his eyes,  
Each in its sunken socket,  
Then feebly smiled, and passed his hat,  
Whence, straightway on the docket,  
The lads into its dark depths threw  
The contents of each pocket.

Oh! never yet was recompense  
More gladly paid for labour  
Than this poor fiddler there received,  
Whose notes cut like a sabre.  
Time was when you and I were, too,  
As quick to please, my neighbour. M. A. K.

B. H. J., twenty-four, dark, good-looking, fond of home, would like to correspond with a tall young lady, with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about twenty-three.

DANIEL, eighteen, fair, of a loving disposition, would like to receive carte-de-visite of a young lady about eighteen, fond of music.

M. M. M. and T. T., two friends, in good positions, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with two young ladies about nineteen. M. M. M. is nineteen, dark, good-looking. T. T. is nineteen, fair, brown hair, light eyes, good-looking.

MAGAZINE, a signalman in the R.N. twenty-one, tall, twenty-one, fair, and good-looking, would like to correspond with a young lady of a loving disposition. Has some money.

JONATHAN M., a sailor in the Royal Navy, now serving abroad, twenty-two, dark hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a good-tempered young lady, good-looking, and fond of home.

E. W., a stoker in the Royal Navy, twenty-one, tall, fair, blue eyes, and of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young lady between eighteen and twenty, medium height, dark, good-looking, of a loving disposition.

LUBBER'S HOLE, BOWSPRIT, PORTING THE HELM, AND LOWERING THE ANCHOR, four seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with four young ladies, with a view to matrimony. Lubber's Hole is twenty-one, fair, medium height, grey eyes, and considered good-looking. Bowspirt is twenty, fair, brown hair, hazel eyes, and good-looking. Porting the Helm is nineteen, grey eyes, brown hair, good-looking, and fair. Lowering the Anchor is twenty-one, fair, good-looking, dark curly hair. Respondents must be fond of home, music, and dancing.

HAPPY JONATHAN, twenty-five, tall, good-looking, fond of home, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty.

M. M. and M. L., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies, with a view to matrimony. M. M. is twenty-eight, brown curly hair, brown eyes, dark, and fond of home. M. L. is twenty-seven, medium height.

ALL and BEN, two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two ladies, who must be tall, medium height, dark, and of loving dispositions. Alf is twenty-five, considered handsome, good-tempered, dark complexion, light hair, and light blue eyes. Ben is twenty-six, considered good-looking, medium height, of a loving disposition.

NELLY, seventeen, dark, fond of home, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man. Must be about nineteen, tall, dark, handsome, fond of society.

A. H. C. and ADA wish to correspond with two young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. A. H. C. is seventeen, dark hair and eyes. Ada is eighteen, dark hair, and blue eyes. Respondents must be between eighteen and twenty-two.

MILLY and BELLE, sisters, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with two young men. Milly is nineteen, good-looking, medium height. Belle is twenty-two, tall, dark. Respondents must be good-looking, and fond of music.

JANET, a governess, eighteen, brown hair, brown eyes, wished to correspond with a young gentleman between eighteen and nineteen. Respondent must be fond of home, medium height, good-looking, dark hair, hazel eyes.

H., twenty-three, brown hair, black eyes, accomplished, would like to correspond with a young lady, with a view to matrimony. Must be twenty-two, thoroughly domesticated.

G. A., thirty-five, medium height, good-looking, blue eyes, brown hair, would like to correspond with a lady about thirty-threes. Widow not objected to. Must be affectionate.

TOX and BILL, two friends, wish to correspond with two young ladies. Tom is twenty, good-looking, medium height. Bill is nineteen, brown hair, blue eyes, and dark.

W. B. and K. H., two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two young ladies. W. B. is twenty-four, considered good-looking, brown hair, blue eyes. K. H. is twenty-three, considered good-looking, black hair, dark eyes, and of a very loving disposition. They must be tall, dark, good-tempered, and about their own age.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

CLYTIE is responded to by—Tim, seventeen, dark complexion.

EDGAR by—C. W., sixteen, and thoroughly domesticated.

MUNRO by—Milly, fond of home, and thinks she is all he requires.

NINA by—Fred, thirty-six, dark hair, blue eyes, good-looking.

EMILIE by—W. G., seventeen, medium height, fond of children.

K. L. by—Lena, brown eyes, light hair, thoroughly domesticated.

M. D. by—Folly, light hair, light eyes, fond of home and children.

LILY by—Frank, dark, good-looking, and of medium height.

NANCY by—M. C., dark complexion, of a loving disposition.

EMILY by—Tom, tall, in a good position. Thinks he is all she requires.

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